

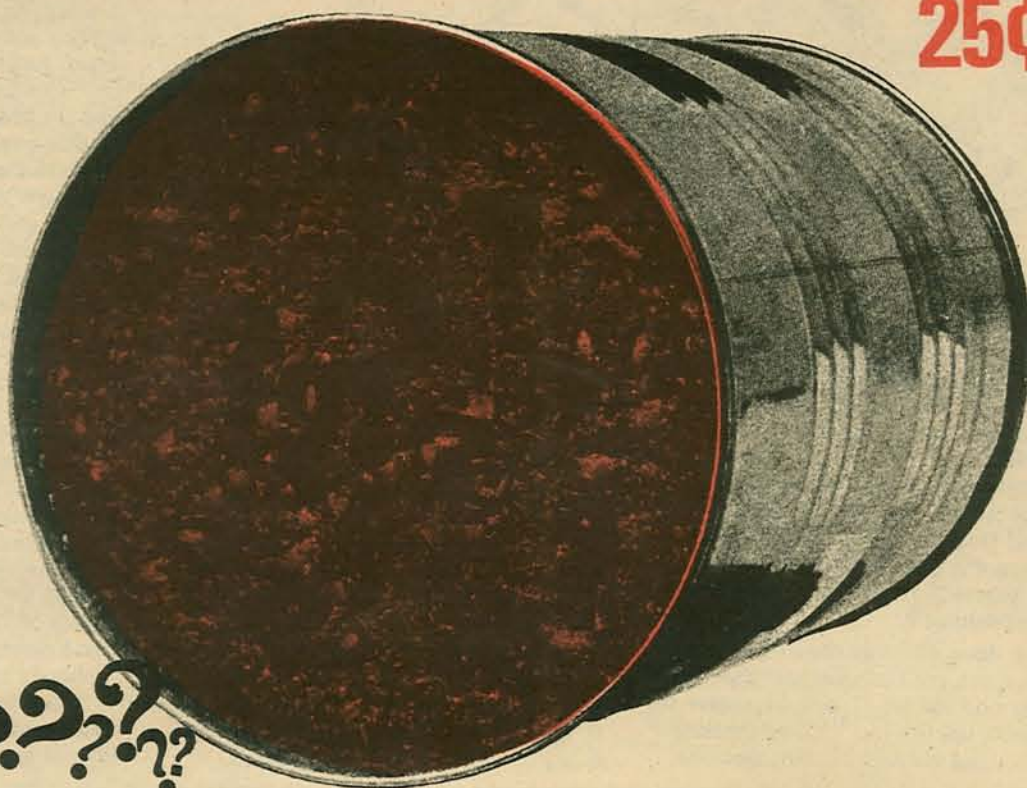
THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN

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What's really in your can of hash?

The truth in labeling hassle —
Will you ever know what
ingredients and nutrients
go into your supermarket food?

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25¢

???

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EAST BAY BLUES —

Smokestack lightnin' and playin'
your mama in West Richmond

**'It wasn't until I
turned off the
MacArthur Freeway
onto Oakland's San
Leandro Avenue
that I began to feel
the blues did lie
somewhere ahead.'**

By Jess Ritter

It wasn't until I turned off the MacArthur Freeway onto Oakland's San Leandro Avenue that I began to feel the blues did lie somewhere ahead. In the warm Sunday evening street, the feeling washed out of the open doorways of hole-in-the-wall bars, Bar-B-Q stands and orange-neon pawnshops. It was just too much like Dallas' Deep Elm, Kansas City's 12th and Main, Chicago's 63rd and Stony Island *not* to have the blues all night long.

But the promise didn't cut the edge of apprehension raised when Charlie Musselwhite had set the trip up two weeks previously. Musselwhite, the best white blues musician alive, was simple and direct. We had last met in the bleak, graffiti-scrawled band room backstage in San Anselmo's Lion's Share.

"Man, there's blues around here you wouldn't believe. Little old clubs in

Richmond full of the blues. I play over there all the time. Anytime you want to go, just let me know." This from the man who had lived the full-tilt blues in Memphis and Southside Chicago, learning his trade from Furry Lewis, Muddy Waters and Junior Wells.


But what about an ofay, recently arrived on the scene?

Charlie took a long pull at his Ripple-and-bourbon in the little green bottle. "Aw, man, everything's cool. You been around. You know the clubs."

But I didn't know Oakland, or Richmond. Stranger in a new land, I did know to go as a guest into other people's lives, keep back, talk about the blues and depend on the hard need that brought blues people together. If anybody misunderstood, it always helped to have a sponsor. Without a sponsor, there would never have been those nights hearing Junior Wells and Otis Rush in Chicago's Pepper's Lounge.

So San Leandro Avenue was the way to Sonny Lane's house; Musselwhite had introduced Lane as "one of the best bluesmen on the West Coast."

By 50th Avenue, San Leandro Avenue divides two jarringly dissimilar residential areas. On the east lie neat blocks of attractive stucco homes fronted by green lawns. On the west, crouched among the tangled industrial grinch, sit rows of

 Continued on Page 14



The Ritz Bar-B-Q: "An ol' down home place . . . this used to be the Red Robin Club, the meanest, fightingest bar in town. Now, the music takes care of everything." Photo: Roger Lubin

BREECHING THE WALLS OF
Fortress suburbia
THE BATTLE FOR REGIONAL GOVERNMENT

ON GUARD

Our second chance



As the Guardian goes to press, Emmerly Mihaly, SF's registrar of voters, tells us that San Franciscans will almost certainly get a second chance to jam an iron bar in the spokes of the Chamber/SPUR/Downtown Association/Real Estate Board/big business reach-for-the-sky machine.

Mihaly hasn't finished counting yet, but he predicts the new, rewritten, debugged Duskin citywide height limit petition will qualify for the June ballot "in a breeze." It will go on the ballot as Proposition P.

If it does, anti-highrise forces just might catch the Chamber and the others napping on the fat of their expensive victory over the original 72-foot initiative measure last November. For that one,

the Chamber put together a \$200,000 war-chest from big business contributions, unleashed a ferocious media campaign built on misinformation, distortions and old-style scare tactics and gobbled up the underfunded, all-volunteer anti-highrisers at the polls by a 61 to 39 margin.

It's likely to be a lot closer this time. Last fall the Chamber, with plenty of help from Ex/Chron and City Hall politicians dependent on downtown campaign contributions, convinced many voters that the city's Urban Design Plan was a more "balanced" and "responsible" approach to city planning than the "extremist" Duskin plan.

Since then, the Urban Design Plan has shown itself to be a colossal sham, just as the Guardian predicted last September. Since the plan was approved in August, the city has okayed huge buildings for Russian Hill and Van Ness Ave. that violate every limit and guideline in the plan, causing 11 members of the Citizens' Advisory Committee to quit in disgust.

Also, neighborhood groups have gradually realized the plan would put blockbuster highrises up to 24-stories tall in almost all SF neighborhoods. That's why the hurrah-for-highrise Planning Commission, in its public hearings on the plan, has been all but shelved out of even the neighborhoods which racked up the largest pro-highrise votes last fall—the Sunset, Parkside and the Mission.

The question voters will ask themselves in June boils down to this: Which Urban Design Plan is "balanced" and "responsible" and which is "extremist"—the official city plan, which commits almost every SF neighborhood to high-density development schemes and provides no safeguard against the whims of politicians two-stepping with downtown realtors (a handful of supervisors could and will grant variances to the city's plan at will); or Duskin's plan, which retains traditional 40-foot height limits in all the neighborhoods (with a 160-foot limit in the downtown area) and returns decision-making on major future growth to the residents and taxpayers of this city? Which plan will maintain San Francisco as the last lovely city? Surely by now the answer is plain.

For those who still have doubts, between now and June the Guardian will lay out extensive evidence proving that

ten years of rampant, mindless highrise proliferation has been the primary cause of our worst problems: air, water and noise pollution; exorbitant taxes; high unemployment and welfare rates; middle-income exodus; intolerable traffic congestion; and general urban deterioration. (For a primer course on this, see our 256-page paperback, "The Ultimate Highrise," available at libraries and bookstores throughout the city or from the Guardian.)

We'll also show exactly how, why and where the city's Urban Design Plan is a dismal failure, a blueprint manufactured to specification by the downtown bloc, that would triple or quadruple the density of the city and lead to realization of the power brokers' ultimate vision—Manhattan-by-the Bay.

For those whose doubts have already been cleared up by the Planning Commission's self-immolating actions, we have a suggestion. Only a strong volunteer campaign can counter the Chamber's well-heeled pro-highrise blitz campaign that's sure to heat up in coming weeks. Call up Charlie Starbuck at the SF Opposition (986-8757) and offer your services to fight for the citizens' urban design plan.



TEERY PORA



Drawings: Louis Dunn

LETTERS

CHAMBER BOMBERS

To the editor:

Congratulations to the Guardian and Greggar Sletteland for the superb expose on the Chamber of Commerce's mad blueprints for San Francisco. I've been following the Guardian for a long time and this article is the best yet—beautifully written, well-documented, hard-hitting and critically important to all San Francisco residents.

The Chronicle/Examiner won't print a word about the Chamber's plans, of course. It says a lot about this city to realize that only a small paper like the Guardian would get and publish this article. Walter Shorenstein, Ben Swig, James Stretch and the other downtown boys exercise such firm control of the Chronicle/Examiner that those two "newspapers" read more like the Real Estate News.

One other thing. As a dumb native who happens to have his hut right in the middle of one of the Chamber's sites for a Strategic Highrise Hamlet (in the Inner Richmond), I want to let the Chamber's generals know that if they try to foist their plans on my neighborhood, they'll find us a lot tougher than even the Vietnamese. Not even a squadron of Chamber B-52's—and I wouldn't be surprised if they're warming one up—could pacify this neighborhood.

Thomas F. Morgan, SF

FOR WORKING WOMEN

To the editor:

On April 17 at 7 p.m. the Assembly Judiciary Committee will hold a hearing in Sacramento on the State Equal Rights Amendment, ACA35. Working women are concerned that, unless the wording of this amendment is changed, it will nullify protective laws in California.

These laws set minimum wages for women and minors, provide for drinking

water and toilets in the fields, require rest periods and meal periods for women workers, set standards for heat and ventilation, and many other job conditions affecting health and safety.

We can save this legislation by adding a sentence to the Amendment stating that existing labor standards shall be retained and extended to men, who are certainly also entitled to minimum wages, rest periods and protection on the job.

Working women and trade unionists are going to Sacramento on April 17 to make their voices heard. If anyone would like to join Union WAGE (Union Women's Alliance to Gain Equality) and other working women, cars will be leaving for Sacramento immediately after work. Call me at 661-5199 for further information.

Joyce Maupin
for Union WAGE, SF

DEATH TO A LIE

To the editor:

No lie can live for ever—indeed (Letter, Vol. 6 No. 2, from Joe Neilands of Berkeley). Two suggestions which could contribute to the death of that lie:

1) Write your congressman for a copy of 310 U.S. 16-1940 and HR 7207-1913. (The 1940 Raker Act Decision says in part: "...the Act conditions the grant upon...sale and distribution of electric power by the City itself 'for municipal and commercial use.' " You will then have the documents, and your congressman will know where your head is at.)

2) Have a party. No one gets in without bringing his last electrical bill (or a reasonable facsimile thereof). Make a cross on a graph of dollars vs. kilowatt hours. (Such a graph might appear in the Guardian.)

Compare with the Palo Alto line. Don't be frightened; Foster City, Berke-

ley and even Atherton are moving toward municipal operation. (Cleveland, Ohio, has been there for some time.)

Do San Franciscans really want to compare their libraries or their orchestra with Cleveland's? Better be careful about that.

Jack Knudsen, Palo Alto

FREE PUBLIC TRANSIT

To the editor:

The recent article by Jack Morrison on the plight of the Muni, raises an excellent issue, but does not include one important solution. The need for low fares is obvious, but in order to change our automobile habits, at least temporarily, local public transit should be free.

The local share of financing should include another and preferable alternative, namely a tax on the unimproved portion of the property tax which reflects the increased value of the land that results from the better public transportation service. The major impact of this would fall on the congested commercial and downtown areas, but would not fall on the improvement portion of the property tax.

This is important because it results in less of a burden to the productive segment of our community (namely our earned wages) and falls more rightly on the unearned increment in the land which helps to keep our slum lords and the land speculators so wealthy.

Obviously, more education and pressure from conservation and worker groups is necessary to move in this direction. This, of course, would be coupled with measures designed to have the automobile pay its truly fair share of road, parking and pollution expenses.

William J. Filante, M.D., San Rafael
a director in the Statewide Homeowners Association

THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN

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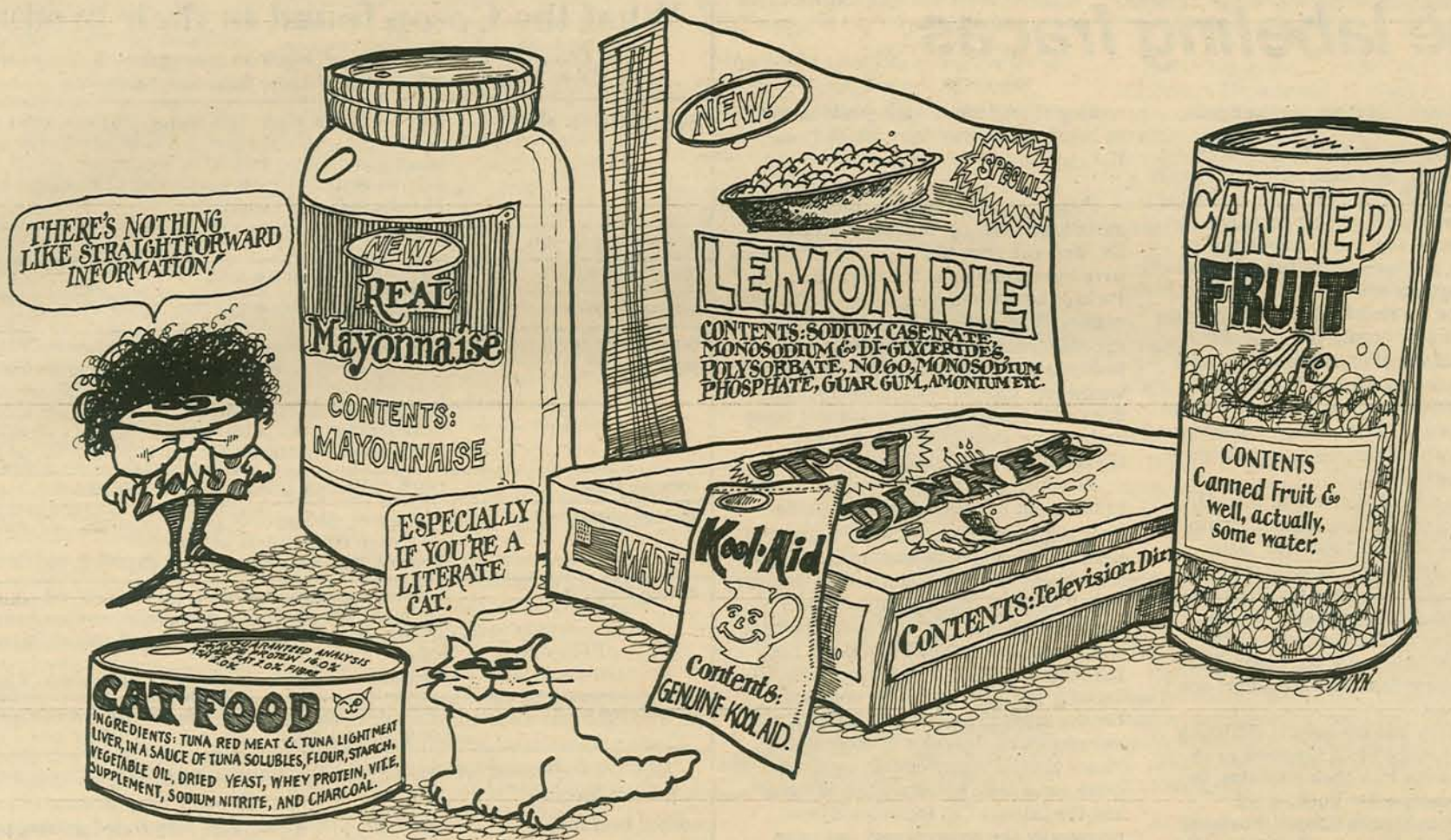
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Drawing: Louis Dunn

For cats, the labels on their pet foods give the ingredients, the analysis of nutrients, the exact amount of water.
For humans, the labels have little to say.

Examples:

On mayonnaise: Who knows what's in it? It has a FDA food standard, so no ingredients have to be listed.

On TV dinners: Ingredients listed in order of predominance, but no percentages. How much meat do they have?

On pie: "Water, corn syrup, shortening, sugar, whey solids, dextrose, sodium caseinate, flavoring, gelatin, polysorbate No. 60," on and on, but you'd never know it was lemon pie and what food value it had.

On a can of whole fruit: There's no net drained weight.

On Kool Aid: The ultimate in food technology, all chemicals, almost no food value.

The truth-in-labeling fracas

By Jennifer Cross

(Eds. note: Jennifer Cross is the author of "The Supermarket Trap," an Indiana University Press book.)

Do consumers have the right to know exactly what's in the thousands of processed foods in today's supermarkets? The Consumers Co-op of Berkeley believes they do—and is thereby quarreling bitterly with the Food & Drug Administration over the FDA guidelines, published last month, for the nutrient labeling of packaged foods.

The FDA's proposals (see box) were heralded by FDA Commissioner Charles C. Edwards as the dawn of a new era for consumers. They could, he said, "provide one of the most fundamental changes in the history of food labeling in this country."

Don Rothenberg, the Co-op's education director, was somewhat less polite. He called the whole program "a shuck," designed "to pacify the consumer instead of doing something meaningful about truth in packaging." Who is right?

The FDA's proposals bristle with catch-22s. For a start, they are voluntary, forcing no shy or unwilling manufacturer into compliance. They would not cover meat products, which are what people need to know about most, since meats are regulated by the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture. Even if implemented, these proposals leave a lot to be desired. Many people can't relate grams to ordinary household measurements. They would still be in the dark about the percentage ingredients, net drained weight, the type of fat and the flavorings and additives used.

What should the ideal food label look like? Obviously, it's impossible to please everybody. However, the Co-op has designed one it believes is superior to the FDA version. It will be used experimentally on several Co-op housebrands for 12 weeks beginning about April 24. And its key feature is a list of all ingredients and the percentages in which most of them occur (see box, p.4).

These labels are an eye-opener. Some people might wince at the idea of tripe and lips being used in potted meat. Others might be surprised to find that the all-meat franks have 26% non-meat ingredients. Or that corned beef hash (a good product, incidentally, containing 7%

more meat than the USDA minimum) only has 42% beef. They might wonder that the juice drink (another good product by today's standard) and the nectar are so watery.

They might also be furious to learn that the coffee creamer, an item heavily promoted by the food industry as a low-cal substitute for a dairy product, has three times the calories of undiluted evaporated milk, and contains 34% coconut oil, which is not recommended for people with heart conditions or who are on a special diet.

The Co-op labeling experiment is one of five around the country. The others: Giant Foods (Md.), Jewel, Kroger and First National. The object was to provide the FDA with hard information on how to present nutritional information to shoppers, whether or not they understand and use it and whether or not it affects their buying habits.

changed during the 12-week period. If nutritional labeling doesn't swing in Berkeley, it probably won't swing anywhere; and shoppers will need help from other sources, advertising for example, if they are to become better fed and better informed.

The Co-op experiment may also shed light on technical questions that bother the food industry. Manufacturers, and incidentally the FDA, moan that it is an impossible undertaking to list the percentage ingredients. A few firms claim they don't know exactly what goes in the can or package, at least from batch to batch. They argue they would have to improve their quality control to insure that the claims made on the label were accurate, which would be expensive and result in higher food prices.

So far the Co-op's experience suggests that many such fears are unfounded. Analysis of the test items was done with

Co-op's program, personally went to Washington at the end of March to beg Commissioner James Grant for a little extra time. She was refused.

The FDA's hard-nosed attitude is merely the climax of months of deteriorating relations which cast serious doubt on the agency's sincerity in wanting to help the consumer. The FDA refused to pay a cent toward the cost of Ostwald's surveys, yet it commissioned Dr. Daniel Padberg, from Cornell, to do this work for Jewel, Giant and Kroger. It refused to help the Co-op with laboratory analyses of its samples. Worse, the FDA was consistently hostile to the Co-op's efforts to persuade its suppliers to go along with ingredient labeling.

Last October, Mary Ruth Nelson asked Dr. Virgil Wodicka, chief of the FDA's Bureau of Foods, for some help in overcoming supplier reluctance. He laughed, saying that the suppliers probably couldn't give the Co-op this information because they didn't have it. He suggested the Co-op drop the whole idea—advice which was reluctantly followed by his junior, Dr. Ogden Johnson, director of the FDA's Division of Nutrition.

The Co-op encountered another stone wall at the USDA. Under USDA rules, any manufacturer of a meat product who listed the percent analysis of the finished product would have to do elaborate, daily tests to insure complete accuracy. Despite the Co-op's pleading, the USDA refused to suspend this requirement during the 12-week test period, and to allow the same tolerance as the FDA (i.e., that the product meet 80% of the standard).

Foell, the Chicago producer of the corned beef hash, deviled ham and potted meat, who was already scared of the whole experiment, refused point-blank to supply any ingredient statement. James Allan, the San Francisco manufacturer of the Co-op's unpreserved franks, was wholeheartedly willing to continue.

Tillie Lewis, manufacturer of the two Co-op soups, will be able to handle the USDA's requirement by making the Co-op's 12-week supply of soup in a short period, thereby reducing the number of lots or batches.

The USDA's intractability is not hard to understand, since the agency is widely

What the FDA would like on labels

NUTRITION INFORMATION

1 cup	225 calories
protein	8 grams
fat	5 grams
carbohydrate	45 grams

DAILY ALLOWANCE (RDA)

protein	10%
vitamin A	10
thiamin	5
riboflavin	15
niacin	30
vitamin C	30
calcium	0
iron	5

(optional inclusion of other vitamins and minerals)

The Co-op's labeling scheme is by far the most interesting of the five. None of the others attempt to list all the percentage ingredients, though Giant will shortly start a second test on eight housebrands which would list all ingredients and the percentage of the principal claimed ingredient, i.e., how much chicken in chicken soup.

Another unique feature is that the Co-op's well-educated, well-heeled clientele are, in many ways, the cream of the nation's shoppers. Their reactions to nutritional labeling are being monitored by Rosemarie Ostwald, a professor of nutrition at the University of California, Berkeley, with the help of her students.

Ostwald hopes to discover whether people's understanding of nutrition has improved, or their purchasing habits

the help of Dr. Arthur Morgan at the USDA's Western Regional Research Laboratories, Albany, and was a relatively simple procedure, largely thanks to the FDA's extremely generous tolerance for error.

Incredibly, the FDA is deliberately turning its back on this unique experiment. Much to the chagrin of Co-op personnel, who have invested months of work, plus at least \$15,000 not counting the labels, the FDA rushed through its preliminary labeling proposals before the Co-op's scheme had even got off the ground.

FDA is also refusing to extend its 90-day comment period for just one month to allow the Co-op time to complete and evaluate its results. Mary Ruth Nelson, the home economist in charge of the

Continued next page

The labeling fracas

Continued from previous page

known to be captive to the giant food processors. (Symbolically, Clifford Hardin went from USDA chief to Ralston Purina.) Yet why was the FDA, supposedly a consumer-minded agency, so unhelpful to the Co-op, so unwilling to consider percentage ingredient labeling?

Why the big rush to finalize its labeling proposals? Why could the FDA allow peanut butter manufacturers to wrangle for 11 years over a lousy 3% extra peanuts, yet refuse to give the Co-op a single extra month to provide some crucial information about something as important as nutritional labeling?

The Co-op's verdict is that the FDA (as usual) is simply too chicken to push food manufacturers further or faster than they want to go. It is not prepared to ask Congress for the authority to demand percentage ingredients, or even a simple listing of all ingredients in the order of predominance on standardized foods, because food manufacturers don't want to do it.

The Co-op had the utmost difficulty persuading many of its suppliers to reveal what went into their products. Besides the meatpacker Foell, it got refusals from Boston Bonnie, ex-maker of the Co-op's frozen cooked fish sticks, and Ralston Purina, supplier of the Co-op's now discontinued line of cornflakes. Both items were dropped from the program.

Esther Peterson, former special assistant for consumer affairs to President Johnson, and now consumer advisor to Giant Food, got similar refusals when she first investigated the possibility of percentage ingredient labeling last year. Only after months of bargaining, after her status at Giant was sufficiently established, could she persuade the company to lean on some of its suppliers to get even a modest amount of information.

Historically, food manufacturers have claimed that a listing of ingredients would give away their trade secrets. During the Truth in Packaging hearings a few years ago, they vetoed the idea and claimed the U.S. would be flooded by, among other things, cheap Japanese copies of Campbell's soup.

Most manufacturers, of course, know pretty well what goes in the other fellow's can. Most secrets lie in the spicing, knowledge which consumers would cheerfully forego if they knew how much meat and other principal ingredients they were getting.

A more telling, though unspoken, reason for the food manufacturers' attitude is that they don't want FDA inspectors on their backs, poking, prying, examining plant records and doing their own tests to see whether the claims on the label were true. Any mandatory form of percentage ingredient listing would need a huge increase in the FDA's budget and inspection staff, the last thing industry would like.

Another reason is that a percentage ingredient listing might reduce manufacturers' traditional ability to juggle their products when the cost of the ingredients rises, or for other competitive reasons. Anyone who has ever examined the FDA's records of seizures for what is politely called "misbranding" will know that a common trick is to scrimp on the good ingredients and replace them with cheap fillers.

For example, in the good old days the maple content of cane and maple syrup was around 25%. Today you are lucky to get 15%. Recently, Safeway cut its "Sleepy Hollow" mixture down from 10% to 6% maple. The proof: a bottle labeled 10% sitting on the shelves with the newer version.

Looking at much of the highly-processed junk cramming today's supermarkets, the food industry has good reason to fear that telling the truth could be painful. An inordinate amount of space, and profits, accrue to such items as skimpy TV dinners, meat products extended with soy protein and fat, high-calorie snacks, plastic-y puddings, toppings, non-nutritious beverages and unenriched baked goods.

Even Madison Avenue ingenuity cannot produce a more informative description than "Mm Mm good!" And if people really got nutrition conscious, the

wailing of frightened food giants would be heard all the way from White Plains, N.J., to the halls of Congress.

Publicly, the food industry is all for nutritional labeling. Indeed, the FDA's Dr. Wodicka even said "a lot of companies have been straining at the leash to begin." Perhaps he was referring to the prune processors ("just a wrinkled vitamin pill"), the dairy companies, the orange juice makers and the few companies that advertise and market really nutritious products. Privately, few others are any more enthusiastic than a miser millionaire filling out his income tax return.

Paradoxically, part of the FDA's rush to bring out nutritional labeling guidelines is in response to industry's desire to head off oncoming legislation that might force them into compliance. Last October, Sen. Richard Schweiker introduced a Nutritional Labeling Act, S. 2734, which would establish national standards for nutritional labeling of food products. In January 1972 an even more comprehensive labeling reform bill, S. 3083, was introduced by Sens. Frank Moss and Vance Hartke. This not only would require some form of nutritional labeling and the listing of all ingredients (not necessarily the percentages), but open dating of perishables, and a clear system of quality grading.

Hearings on this bill are scheduled to begin in June before Sen. Moss's Consumer Subcommittee. The food industry would love to be able to say, as it did with open dating and unit pricing measures, "We don't need legislation. We are complying voluntarily."

Quite apart from election year politicking, food labeling reform is a genuinely hot issue. It was demanded by the White House Conference on Food, Nutrition and Health (December 1969), the White House Conference on Aging (December 1971) and by consumer groups around the country.

It is also being enthusiastically re-

Continued on page 6


What the Co-op found in their products

The Co-op will use the new 'ideal' labels on the products below starting April 29. The ingredient information came from Co-op suppliers.

all-meat franks (fresh):	55% beef, 19% pork, 19% water, plus salt, corn syrup and flavoring (P.S. 30% of the meat can be fat, the maximum allowed by USDA regulation). Approximate nutrients per serving (2 franks): 11 gm. protein, 27 gm. fat
quick cooking oats:	100% oats.
grapefruit juice:	100% unsweetened juice.
pineapple juice:	100% unsweetened juice, plus added Vitamin C.
pineapple-grapefruit juice drink:	84% water, 8% concentrated pineapple juice, 5% sugar, 1% corn syrup solids, 1% concentrated grapefruit juice, plus malic and ascorbic acids, orange oil flavoring, gum arabic—a flavor emulsifier (P.S. this product is 50% reconstituted fruit juice—good by today's standards). Approximate nutrients per 3/4 cup: 6 fl. oz. or 182 gm.
tomato juice:	100% California tomatoes, with salt added.
apricot nectar:	55% water, 35% apricot pulp and juice, 7.5% sucrose, 2.5% corn syrup solids, citric acid. Approximate nutrients per 3/4 cup: 6 fl. oz. or 184 gm.
coffee creamer:	54% corn syrup solids, 34% coconut oil, 4% sodium caseinate, plus disodium phosphate, sodium hexametaphosphate, lecithin (emulsifier) and artificial flavor and color. Approximate nutrients per level tablespoon: 9 gm.
evaporated milk:	100% homogenized evaporated milk, the vitamin D content increased.
Here is a nutritional breakdown for other Co-op products that may not appear in the test program:	
corned beef hash:	42% beef, 41% water, 11% dehydrated potato, plus onion, salt, spices and sodium nitrite. Approximate nutrients per half-can: 7 1/2 oz. or 212 gm.
deviled ham:	68% cooked ham, 21% ham broth, 8.5% ham fat, plus salt, flavoring and sodium nitrite. Approximate nutrients per can: 3 oz. or 85 gm.
potted meat food product:	43% beef tripe, 38% beef lips, 12% water, 2.5% beef, plus salt, vinegar, spices, flavoring and sodium nitrite. Approximate nutrients per can: 5 1/2 oz. or 155 gm.
split pea soup with ham: (condensed)	62% water, 29% peas, 4% ham, plus salt, starch, carrots, sugar, celery, MSG, onion powder, spices and flavorings. Approximate nutrients per cup (prepared as directed): 8 3/4 oz. or 250 gm.
chicken with rice soup: (condensed)	82% chicken stock, 6% chicken, 5% rice, plus salt, chicken fat, carrots, sugar, hydrolyzed vegetable protein, celery, MSG, flavoring, paprika and turmeric. Approximate nutrients per cup (prepared as directed): 8 oz. or 227 gm.

Compiled by Mary Ruth Nelson, home economist, Richmond Co-op

What an 'ideal' Co-op label will look like



**CO-OP
beef stew**

INGREDIENTS: 60% GRAVY (water, beef, flour, tomato paste, salt, onion powder, caramel coloring, pepper), 25% BEEF, 10% POTATOES, 5% CARROTS.

NET WT. 24 OZ. (1 LB. 8 OZ.)

APPROXIMATE NUTRIENTS PER CUP (8 oz. or 227 gms.)

14 gm.	Protein
2300 I.U.	Vitamin A
7 mg.	Vitamin C
-- mg.	Thiamin
-- mg.	Riboflavin
2 mg. eq.	Niacin
2 mg.	Iron
-- gm.	Calcium
17 gm.	Carbohydrate
7 gm.	Fat
185	Calories

DAILY PORTION OF RECOMMENDED DIETARY ALLOWANCE (RDA) FOR ADULT † PER CUP

EAT A BALANCED DIET EACH DAY BY OBTAINING 5 STARS FOR ALL THE NUTRIENTS LISTED

★

★ ★

★

★

★

† Adult male: weight 154 lbs., height 5 ft. 8 in.

The allowance for children ages 8-10 is approximately 2/3 that of adult male. In addition to the nutrients listed children need 400 I.U. Vitamin D daily.

Iron allowance for teenagers and women under 50 is almost twice that of adult male.

Also contains at least 1/5 of the adult RDA of _____ and _____.

OR

Contains other essential nutrients less than 1/5 adult RDA.

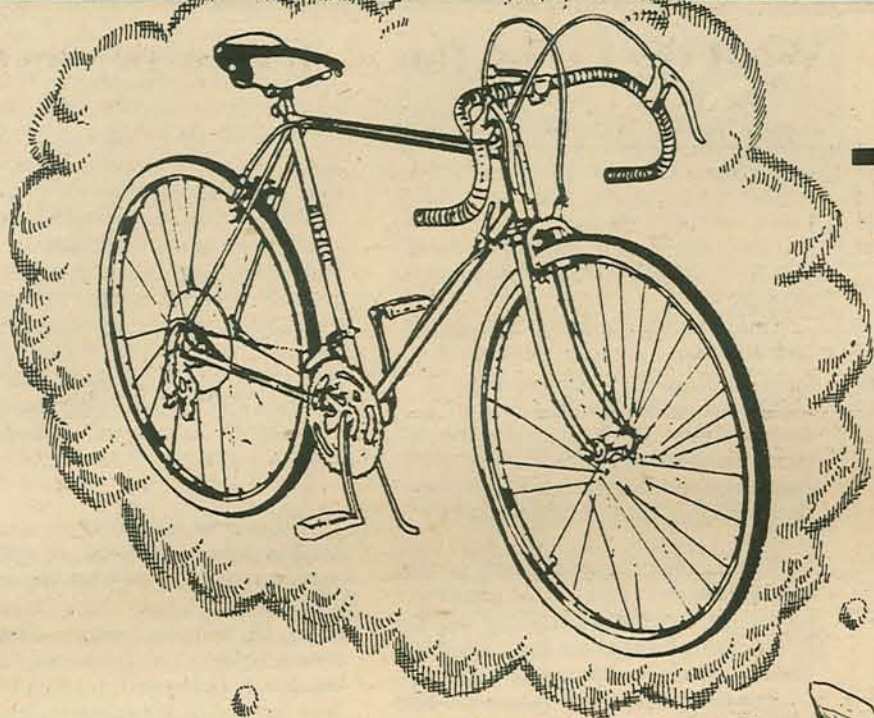
OR

Contains no other essential nutrients.

ANALYSIS

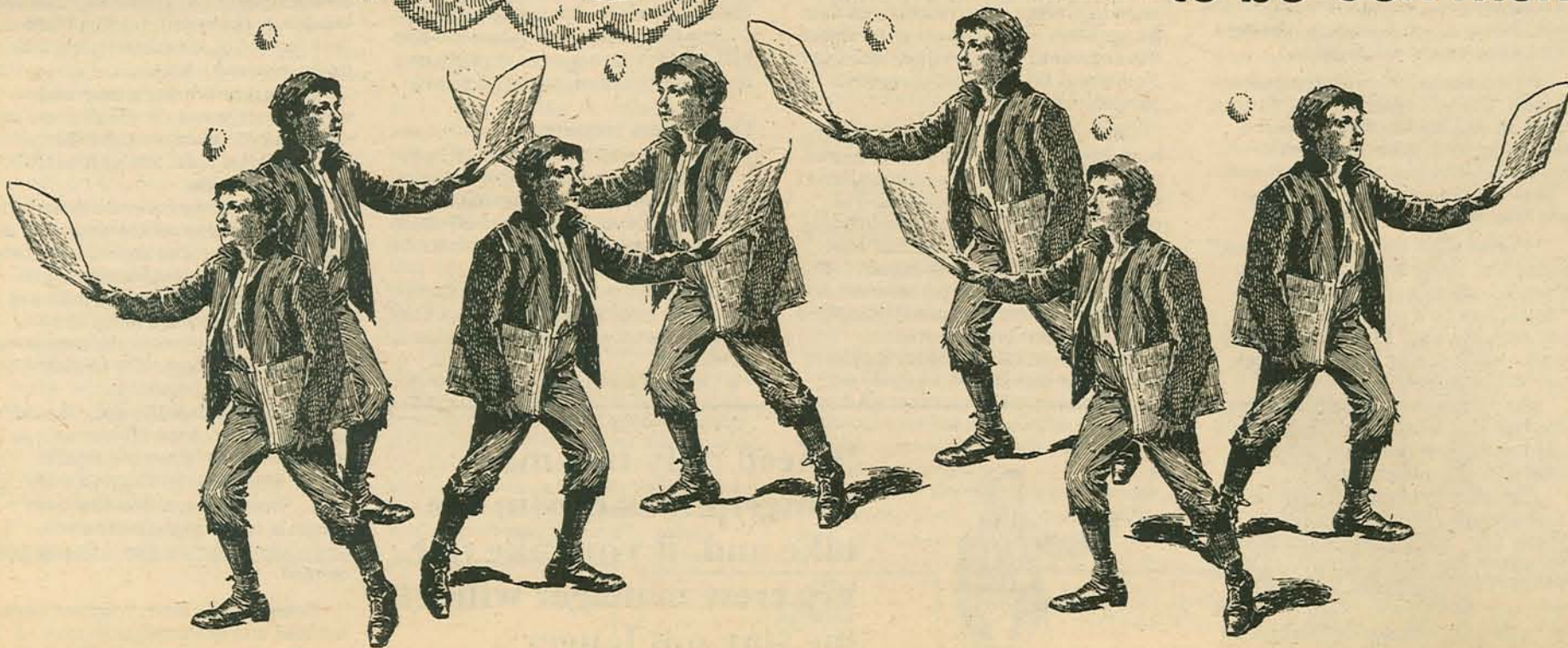
83% water, max.
6% protein, min.
7% carbohydrate, max.
3% fat, max.

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The newspaper subscription hustle

Training your kids to be con men



By R. J. Tomkins

(Tomkins worked for three weeks last last October as a crew manager in San Jose for Null Enterprises, which has contracted with Ex/Chron to sell newspaper subscriptions door-to-door. He supervised 10 boys, ages 13-15. The first night out on the job, he decided there "was a story here in the exploitation of young boys" and he began keeping notes. This is his report.—Ed.)

It's six o'clock in the evening as the family settles down to the dinner table. The doorbell rings unexpectedly.

There, standing on the doorstep, is a young boy with a paper bag slung over his shoulders filled with Examiners or Chronicles. He holds a picture of a spiffy new bicycle in one hand and a copy of the paper in the other. He smiles and says:

"Hello, Sir. I'm here to give you and all your neighbors a copy of today's newspaper. The reason I'm doing this is because I'm in a contest with 20 other boys to win this ten-speed bike."

The boy holds up the picture of the bike and points to the caption beneath the picture: "Own this bike for only 17 orders."

"And it's really a great bike," he continues. "It has chrome handle bars, front and rear brakes and a real leather seat—it's everything I've always wanted and I only need two more orders. You can help me win this bike, Sir, by taking a short 90-day trial order to the San Francisco Chronicle [or the San Francisco Examiner]. It's only \$4.25 a month and comes seven days a week. So won't you please help me win this bike?"

If the customer hesitates, the boy will add: "If you take out the subscription, Sir, my crew manager will let me stay out longer tonight to get the last subscription."

This combination of little newsboy and good con is often successful. The resident signs the order form (for the Ex, Chron or both) just below the bold print that reads:

"Thank you for helping this young man earn this beautiful ten-speed bike." What the new Ex/Chron subscriber

doesn't know is that all the boy's words are canned (often made up by the crew manager), that the boy has probably sold no more than 2 or 3 subscriptions, not 15, that even if the boy sells 17 subscriptions, which happens rarely, he'll probably never see the bike (none of my boys got one and, after checking around, I couldn't find one who did.)

More: the boy gets only a pittance for his tough job of door-to-door selling, he probably has no work or solicitation permits, his employers are stretching and perhaps violating child labor, minimum wage and municipal solicitation laws.

For the new subscriber is buying the newspaper, not from the Ex/Chron, but

must make up, out of his own pocket, for every subscriber who moves away without paying or from whom he can't collect.

- The boy must not be under any tangible supervision in his work.
- The boy must be responsible for the collection of fees.
- The boy must more or less set his own hours of work.

The Ex/Chron and most other newspapers go through this euphemistic charade—making the young boys "independent contractors" and "little businessmen"—so that the boys can be exempt from the Child Labor Law. Then, they can work for the publishers without state or federal work permits, they don't have to be paid minimum wages,

the direction and control of Null enterprises, they are his employees," said Marie Monti, deputy labor commissioner in the Division of Labor Law Enforcement.

Can the newsboys of Null (a subcontractor) get the same child labor exemption as Ex/Chron newsboys? "There isn't a judge who would listen to that type of argument," she said.

"If one is subject to the other's orders and control and liable to be discharged, he is an employee," she said, citing a Hartford Accident and Indemnity Co. vs. Industrial Accident Commission court decision.

"The distinction is between the reputable businessman who tries to comply with all the regulations, but may be an inadvertent violator, as compared to the suede-shoe boys [magazine and telephone solicitors, door-to-door canvassers] who come into an area for a quick profit and don't follow any of the laws. About the time a complaint is made, the suede-shoe boys skip town."

Acting on information supplied by the Guardian, the State Division of Labor Law Enforcement has launched an investigation into Null and its use of newsboys in the Bay Area.

Previously, according to Ex/Chron branch offices, the papers had relied mainly on telephone solicitation and, to a limited extent, on newsboys doing some selling in their small distribution territories.

Null works out of a cubbyhole office in Mill Valley and has an answering service you can rarely penetrate to get through to Bill Watson, Null's Bay Area manager. You are told to leave a message and Watson will return the call. He never does, many parents complain. Guardian reporters also tried several times, unsuccessfully, to get through Null's answering service.

Watson keeps 11 soliciting crews in the field (when at full strength) canvassing virtually all Bay Area counties: Marin, Sonoma, Alameda, Contra Costa, San Mateo, Santa Clara and, most recently, San Francisco.

Crew managers pick up the boys in a truck each day between 3 and 4 p.m.

'You can help me win this bike, Sir, by taking a short 90-day trial order to the San Francisco Chronicle (Examiner).'

from a subcontractor, Null Enterprises, which is using young boys to do the nitty gritty work of going door-to-door and selling Ex/Chron newspaper subscriptions.

In the process, the Null/Ex/Chron arrangement is adding a new wrinkle to the hoary old con game of using young boys as the lowest form of stoop labor, under the euphemism of "little newsboys" or "independent contractors" or "little businessmen."

A 1939 decision by the California attorney general, lobbied through by the state's big publishers, holds that minors over 10, engaged in the sale or distribution of newspapers and magazines, are exempt from state and federal Child Labor Laws; they qualify as "independent contractors." The requirements for exemption:

- The boy must have at least paper title to the merchandise. In other words, he must own the papers or magazines he is selling or delivering (which he does at the Ex/Chron, and many other newspapers, by getting the papers on credit, distributing them himself, making his own collections, then settling up at the end of the month for the papers he's delivered. An interesting point: the boy

they don't have to be covered by workmen's compensation insurance.

The Null/Ex/Chron arrangement has taken this charade a step further: The original "independent contractor" exemption was accorded only to newspapers, as a special privilege (or government subsidy), but the Ex/Chron has farmed it out to a third party.

In a nutshell: Ex/Chron's regular newsboys are legally considered "independent contractors" because they own the papers, aren't supervised, collect fees and set their own hours of work. By contrast, the Null/Ex/Chron newsboys work for Null, are supervised by Null crew managers, work prescribed hours, collect the subscription fees and don't own the papers they give out as samples. All they do is sell papers. The Ex/Chron's regular boys then distribute the papers and make collections.

Boys who don't fulfill the requirements of "independent contractors" "can be considered as employees and subject to Child Labor Law provisions," says Ms. B. Christianson, deputy commissioner for the Division of Industrial Welfare.

"As long as boys are subject to

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The newspaper subscription hustle

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The crew, about 10 boys in all, stops briefly at the local McDonalds Hamburger stand for dinner (the manager usually pays for two dinners a week, on orders from Watson, but the boys pay the other days).

The crew goes to an area in the city chosen by the crew manager. The boys are dropped at intervals and given an area of several blocks to work on a door-to-door basis. Once an hour or so, depending on the size of the drop area, the manager returns to each boy: to collect orders, to encourage the boy to sell more and to assign a new drop if the need arises. About 8:30 p.m., the boys are picked up and taken home.

On Saturdays, working hours are extended. The youngsters start at 11 a.m., work all day, usually stay out past the 6 p.m. limit (sometimes until 8 p.m. or later) and often miss dinner. "They kept bringing him home later and later," one mother complained.

"I never knew when he'd get home," added Mrs. Edgar Wise of South San Francisco about her son, Bob, 14. "Sometimes he'd leave at 4 p.m. and not get home until 11 p.m." The boys work a minimum of 21 hours a week, but often much more.

Many cities have ordinances controlling door-to-door solicitation. Usually a special license is required and soliciting after dark is a misdemeanor.

Almost all Peninsula cities in which Null operates (Millbrae, San Bruno, Foster City, Burlingame, South San Francisco, San Carlos, Redwood City, Pacifica) have such laws. In checking with city clerks, I could find no record of a soliciting license ever having been issued to Null Enterprises.

I asked Bill Watson if his company had a license to solicit in Millbrae. "We went to the Millbrae police and they said we didn't need one," he replied.

I again called the Millbrae Police Department. "I doubt he was told that," Sgt. Ronald Kane told me. "Door-to-door solicitors are required to have a license. Even the Avon ladies and Fuller Brush men are licensed. The only exception would be non-profit organizations such as religious groups, Girl Scouts, etc." Would the boys therefore be subject to arrest in Millbrae? They would, Kane said.

In October 1971 police caught Ed Ranuio, 13, of South San Francisco, soliciting in Foster City. "They told me to stop or I'd be arrested," he told me.

The boys are recruited from newspaper advertisements which pitch the opportunity to earn up to \$40 per week. Few ever get this much.

The minimum wage in California is \$1.35 per hour for jobs not covered under federal statutes; Null pays its boys on a commission-plus-bonus arrangement—\$1 per subscription order and, for the crew's highest producers, bonuses that average out to 50¢ per order.

However, to keep the bonuses earned, the boy has to meet a weekly quota of subscriptions. The quota, depending upon the crew manager, is usually 14 orders per week. If the boy

fails to meet the assigned quota, he loses all bonuses earned that week and faces an increase in quota the next week.

This commission-plus-bonus arrangement is legally permissible providing "the commissions plus bonuses equal or exceed the minimum wage of \$1.35 per hour," according to Ms. B. Christianson, deputy commissioner for the Division of Industrial Welfare.

In many instances, it appears Null doesn't meet these minimum wages. I found, in checking the pay stubs and a crew manager's pay sheet for 15 boys over a several-month period, only two had earnings averaging above the minimum legal wage. Seven earned less than \$1 per hour. Four of these seven earned 67¢ an hour or less. I've since heard that Null, about 60 days ago, changed its pay policies.

Not only does it appear that many boys have been paid less than minimum wage, but Null also deducts chargeback penalties from their paychecks. For each subscription the boy sold that was cancelled within 90 days of its "start," the boy gets a chargeback penalty. The penalty is either \$1.50 per returned order or \$3 if the subscription is cancelled with a "did not order" notation.

"That's not fair," spat Ed Ranuio, a spunky kid who fought regularly with

phone call from a man who identified himself as an Examiner employee.

"He said there was some mix-up on the boy winning his bike," Mrs. Carli recalled. "He wanted to know if I still wanted the paper and I said yes." Later, another Null crew hit Mrs. Carli and she subscribed again, but on condition Ranuio get the credit for the original sale.

Only two people would have called Mrs. Carli: an Examiner employee (which is doubtful because the Ex/Chron has nothing to do with Null's bike contests) or a Null crew manager (which is more probable, because Null crew managers occasionally verify orders with this kind of "bike mix-up" line).

Was Ranuio's penalty simply a mix-up? He doesn't think so. In the two months he worked for Null, he lost \$19 to chargeback penalties, but only saw three chargeback slips in all that time.

The California Child Labor and Education codes have specific regulations restricting the employment of minors.

The pertinent provisions:

- No minor under the age of 18—who is required to attend school—shall be allowed to work without a permit to work.
- The employer must obtain a Permit To Employ when employing minors under the age of 16.
- Employers must have on file for every minor employee either a copy of the permit to work or a copy of the permit to employ.
- Children ages 12 through 13 are not



'I need only two more subscriptions to win the bike and, if you take one, my crew manager will let me stay out longer tonight so I can get the final order.'

his crew manager, Ted Troutman, over chargebacks and what Ranuio claimed were his illegally low wages. "They pay us \$1, then charge us back \$1.50 or \$3."

Null collects about half of the \$12.75 subscription. I once heard Watson scream, in complaining about the Ex/Chron chargeback system: "Look, it costs me \$6 every time we get one of these (chargebacks)."

Ranuio told me that after his arguments with Troutman, he would always get the worst neighborhoods to work. He quit when he got one chargeback slip too many.

These chargebacks are not only unfair but illegal, says Marie Monti, deputy labor commissioner in the Division of Labor Law Enforcement. An employer cannot pay an employee one thing, then turn around and penalize the employee more than he was paid originally, she said.

On one chargeback, Ranuio called the subscriber, Mrs. J. Carli of San Bruno, and found she had indeed subscribed, but she hadn't gotten her paper and she wondered where it was. Mrs. Carli verified the boy's account with me. She added that, several weeks after Ranuio called her, she received a tele-

allowed to work on days school is in session.

There are only two exceptions: one for odd jobs such as baby-sitting and lawn mowing, the second for "independent contractors."

In my acquaintance with more than 20 boys who had worked for Null, I knew of only two who had permits to work. Thus, Null didn't have on file copies of permits allowing him to employ these boys. Child Labor Code Sec. 1304 and Education Code Secs. 12456 and 12758 are most specific in regard to permits: "Failure to produce any permit to work or certificate to employ is prima facie evidence of illegal employment."

Under these state provisions, the minimum legal age is 14 for a boy to work on school days. Four of ten who worked under me were under 14. Many of Null's boys are 13. In the fall of 1971, Null employed a 10-year-old boy, James Kesterson of Daly City, for several months.

As an incentive for higher productivity, crew managers sponsor inter-crew and intra-crew contests. The winners of at least three such contests never received their prizes.

Last fall the Daly City crew, under the direction of Doug Klyse, held a one-week intercrew contest. The boy with the most orders would win a "blacklight." James Kesterson, 10, was the happy winner—he intended to give the "blacklight" to his older brother, also a crew member, for Christmas.

Months later, he is still trying to collect his prize. His mother has called Null Enterprises several times, but never got past the answering service. Each time she was told that her call would be returned shortly, but it never was. Both boys also felt they were cheated out of back pay. They quit in disgust.

Similarly, in October, the South San Francisco crew held a month-long contest. The boy with the most orders would win a 10-speed bike. George Hinojos, 15, won the contest and asked his crew manager, Ted Troutman (who had taken over the crew from Ken Marshall near the end of the contest), when he would receive his bike.

"He said he'd bring it over next week," George said. It didn't come the next week, or the week thereafter or the week after that. Six months later, it still hasn't come.

In July, Null sponsored a three-month production contest involving all Bay Area crews. The boy with the most orders and points (for attendance, cooperation, best pitch, etc.) would win a Honda 100 motorcycle.

Several weeks before the contest was to end, the boy reputedly leading in the contest quit the company.

That left George Hinojos, 15, and Sam Martinez, 13, of Serremonte, as top contenders. When the contest ended, George asked Troutman who had won. Troutman told him that Sam Martinez had won the motorcycle. "I was really happy for him," George commented.

Several weeks later, however, George bumped into the younger brother of Sam Martinez. "How's the Honda?" Martinez asked. "What Honda?" George replied, "I thought your brother won it. Ted told me so!"

Comparing notes, the boys discovered that each had been told the other had won. Neither received the Honda.

Mr. and Mrs. Hinojos have retained an attorney, Jess Hernandez of San Francisco, who told me there were grounds for suit and he was considering asking the district attorney's office to press fraud charges.

I sought to ask Watson about the Hondas, the chargebacks, the bikes that never materialized, the Child Labor Law, etc., but he refused to answer questions and said, "Go ahead and print your story, but a lot of people are unhappy about this and you'll have to face the consequences... a libel suit."

I asked Ken Hobson, head of Ex/Chron circulation, if he and the Ex/Chron were aware of Null's practices, which I enumerated. Was he aware that Null doesn't have proper permits, that it is paying below minimum wages, that bikes don't materialize in bike contests. "No," Hobson responded to each question. The Ex/Chron shares none of the blame or guilt, he said.



The labeling fracas

Continued from page 4

ceived by shoppers who participated in the FDA's nutritional labeling experiments. Even three months before the start of the Co-op program, a small mail survey done by Diane Grottola and Gordon Davis, two University of California economics students, showed that half the shoppers in the sample were aware of the program, and were particularly impressed by the percentage ingredients statement.

Consumer pressure is another reason for the FDA's rush. People do not want a repeat of the peanut butter affair, nor

another Truth in Packaging, which dragged on for five years. And the FDA wants to look good, particularly since it might get swallowed up by a new consumer safety agency, proposed by Sen. Moss and Magnuson.

Even though the FDA's labeling proposals don't give us all the information we need, do we still want another law on the books?

Clarence Adamy, head of the National Association of Food Chains, predicts that 75-80% of products will carry nutritional labeling within a few years. First to comply will probably be stores' own brands. Indeed, the chains are already rolling with the punches.

Following the big four involved in the FDA's experiment, Safeway recently announced plans for limited nutritional

labeling, again of its own brands. The main incentive is profit. Shoppers' reactions to the FDA's experiment show a definite switch to more nutritious products. Unfortunately, if chains or manufacturers adopt nutritional labeling as a promotional gimmick, it will surely run its course like food stamps or bonus bingo, with big profits for the first in the field, petering out as the market is saturated.

Nutritional information is only really useful if every manufacturer gives it. Would you, for example, buy the Co-op's corned beef hash because you knew what was in it? Would you applaud Co-op for its honesty—or buy another brand in the hopes of getting more than 42% meat? Would you decide it was a poor buy and choose a can of stew or a TV dinner?

Without each product carrying a contents statement, how could you possibly decide?

There is no doubt that consumers need to know the full truth about what they buy. USDA surveys show Americans are worse nourished now than 10 years ago, particularly the poor. Experts like Dr. Jean Mayer have called us "a nation of nutritional illiterates." Millions ought to be watching their diets like hawks, either because of heart trouble, food allergies or simple overweight. Millions more want to get full value for their food dollars, but aren't sure what they are buying, or are misled by phony health claims. Yet the hard political reality is that the consumer will only get real truth in labeling if he pushes for it—now.



Citizen take-over tactics — A blueprint for rescuing your town

**'Some time ago—
God knows when
—it was decided
that American
town governments
should be efficient
and cold.'**

By Lorenzo Milam

"Do you really want the population of this town to double in the next 13 years?"

With this call to arms, Lorenzo Milam and three others put together a slate and a program for a citizens' revolt in the April 11 Los Gatos city election.

The slate: Milam and Cese McGowan (town council), Telemachos A. Greanias (treasurer), Robert Lee Gray (write-in for clerk). Alas, they lost.

The platform: a minor classic in urban reform and literary endeavor, as excerpted below from an 8-page tabloid mailed to each resident in town.

Copies available by writing Milam at his radio station, KTAO, in Los Gatos, or free with a Guardian subscription, see p. 9.

One: The Auto

The automobile is our enemy. We have been subsidizing it for over fifty years—and now it is threatening to rise up and destroy us.

If there were a raw sewer running through the heart of Los Gatos, there would be meetings, protest, outrage. Highway 17 is such a sewer: but because we cannot see the harmful wastes, we pretend that they aren't there.

But we have to begin to heed the warnings of our scientists. We have no idea what we are doing to our bodies with this accretion of automobile wastes in our lungs. We must make those who own and use automobiles feel some sense of the danger and greed involved—and fear for what they are doing to all our children's lungs.

We will begin to experiment with novel forms of public transportation. We will purchase special town bicycles which will be provided free for all townspeople and visitors to get from here to there. We will import Pedi-cars from Hong Kong, and invite young people to taxi persons for small, fixed fees to every part of the town limits.

We will begin—more and more—to ban automobiles from our streets. Merchants will be invited to carry their stores outside: to display their wares on the streets and sidewalks. The pedestrian will come to be far more important than the car.

We will give a town subsidy to the Billy Jones Wildcat Railroad, so it can extend its lines throughout the town for public transit. The old Southern Pacific right-of-way, now wasted on off-street parking, will be converted to bicycle paths and horseback trails.

We will encourage any alternative form of transportation—and begin a war on the automobile mentality which thinks nothing of taking a 5,000-pound machine a half-mile to buy a loaf of Wonder Bread at the Alpha Beta.

Each official government car must be pollution-free: and bureaucrats will be encouraged to ride bicycles, horses and scooters.

We will join with the town of Santa Cruz to reactivate the steam passenger train which once ran between the two towns. Together, we will float a bond issue to build the railroad, buy right-of-way and import old passenger cars from other countries.

There will be no more one-way streets. Stoplights will be dismantled and sold to

San Jose—and all replaced with the relatively efficient (and inexpensive) four-way stop signs. Any spending which benefits the automobile, and makes its use easier, will be halted. Completely.

Two: Progress

The Los Gatos Planning Commission holds long, boring (and expensive) hearings on all applications to build, change and modify. These are supposed to maintain the 'character' of Los Gatos—but somehow, they have been transmuted



over the years so that it is impossible to preserve and use the older buildings in the town.

Our governments pride themselves on their policies of encouraging growth, and homebuilding. But this policy has gone insanely beyond all hope and good sense: individuals feel helpless before the monster called 'Progress.'

We are being forced to contribute—through our taxes—to the tearing down of the past, the destruction of fine Victorian homes, the constant plowing under of our precious orchards. We must learn to care for the past, and we have to learn to care for our air and land and water.

We will evolve a system of taxing 'developers' and 'speculators' who try to venture into this town—make it very unprofitable for them to disturb the fabric of our lives here. In addition, we will make it a policy of the Town Government that local banks (who profit so from our business—even though they are owned by large, outside corporations) will grant loans so that groups or individuals can get 70-90% financing for the purchase of older homes.

We will make preservation of these homes a matter of town, financial and aesthetic policy—and will do everything (taxation, laws, zoning) to make this a part of our future here.

Persons who take older homes and build them up, and care for them, will be given tax advantages by the town. Although we cannot end the onerous (and inequitable) property tax system at this point—we can offer rebates to those who spend money out of their own pockets to preserve the past.

In addition, we must put the brakes on population growth of Los Gatos. It may be profitable for the merchants and the Chamber of Commerce to foresee 50,000 crammed into this town by 1984—but for the rest of us, this is an unnecessary burden to the schools, and the utilities, and the scope of the town.

One way to put an end to this growth is to put an end to the annual dole of \$25,000 (that comes out of our pockets through the hotel-motel tax) to the Los Gatos Chamber of Commerce. Nothing is more repulsive to those of us who value the smallness of this community than to know that the Chamber is getting almost \$500 a week—in order to encourage more residents.

The profit that comes to these business

people comes directly out of our pockets—through the expense of growth. (If you have any doubt about how much it will cost you to have 25,000 more people here—look at the recent study commissioned by the City of Palo Alto, which established, beyond a doubt, that the best way to serve the community was to forbid the development of further sprawl in the adjoining mountains.

"The expense to the present taxpayer in Palo Alto for the strain on the community services leads us to the conclusion that the development should be avoided at all costs. . . ." was the apparent conclusion of the extensive report.)

We must do everything possible to enlighten the businessmen-developers-bankers that 'Progress' (viz., profit) to them means deterioration and destruction to the rest of us. More population means more money for the banks—but more taxes for the rest of us.

To help change their way of thinking—the Town government will impose a 1% annual tax on gross of those businesses which profit through the destruction of the ecology. This 1% tax—to replace the annual business tax now imposed—will be levied against all new and used car dealers in the town, as well as gas stations, mortgage companies, real estate dealers, sporting goods stores (which sell such things as snowmobiles or outboard motors), large shopping center complexes—and all garden and hardware stores which sell destructive insecticides.

In addition—all those businesses which have contributed monies to defeating ecological bills and initiatives in the past 10 years will be taxed (which would include our local branches of Wells-Fargo, Shell



Oil, PG&E and Bank of America).

All these taxes will be forgiven those businesses which prove that they have used a like amount of money to support such legislation, or who spend such monies, for the planting of trees and grassy areas and bushes in the Los Gatos area.

In addition, the Los Gatos Chamber of Commerce will be levied a special tax of \$25,000 for being allowed to do business in the town.

Three: Taxes

Nothing is more cruel—especially to the old and the disabled—than the county property taxes. It is a regressive tax, which gets more burdensome each year, and it falls heaviest on those who can least afford it: those on pension or social security. This tax goes to subsidize the speculator-builder, the quick-buck artists who are out to ruin our land and our lungs.

Los Gatos will offer a tax rebate on the home property levy—to all those people within the town limits who are on social security, unemployment, pensions, food stamps or welfare. This tax rebate will be drawn from the 1% ecological tax.

Areas will be set aside for volunteers to plant trees and flowers—and the town department of parks will assign volunteer

coordinators to assist in these projects.

The old people of the town—now surely the most under-used and over-ignored segment of our town population (relegated as they are to 'Old Peoples' Homes' and 'Nursing Homes' and 'Senior Citizens Recreation' Centers)—will be drawn back into the mainstream of the town life.

They will be encouraged to work in a volunteer capacity with the young and the poor. In Sweden, the old and retired are offered a chance to live-in at charity child-care centers, and homes for mentally disturbed and physically handicapped children.

We will begin the long proceedings of setting up a separate "Los Gatos County" and will invite the neighboring towns to join in our secession.

Only with our own county government, with Los Gatos as its county seat, can we preserve the beauty and heritage of this area.

Our taxing machinery will be used to create an ecologically sound community of people and lifestyles. We will use the taxing powers to punish the malefactors of our community. For instance, two local newspapers, The San Jose Mercury-News and The Times-Observer—have been profoundly unaware of the juggernaut progress which threatens our health and our lives.

(The Mercury-News, for instance, gave glowing publicity to the building of the Eastridge Shopping Center. It ignored the laying low of thousands of stately trees, refused to acknowledge the disastrous ecological consequences to the area.)

The Mercury-News and The Times-Observer are allowed to use our tax-built sidewalks to hawk their awful dishwasher, even as the rest of us are forbidden by the town to set our potted plants or trees on these areas because of 'ordinances' and 'laws.'

Four: Structure Of Town Government

Somewhere along the way, they decided that the best form of government would be that which was 'efficient' (meaning cold) and bureaucratic.

It was felt that if a bureaucrat did not smile, or show joy, or show life—then we could rest assured that our community was 'safe' from the taint of humanity which might think of people before laws.

This system has created a whole terrifying breed of non-humans who call themselves 'professionals' or 'city managers' or 'bureaucrats.' Some of us who have studied the history of Nazi Germany realize all too well that this 'efficiency' in the face of all human appeals was the be-all and end-all of men like Eichmann.

'He does his job,' is the theme of the bureaucrat. Not: 'He cares.'

We will begin charter revision activities to rid ourselves of the Town Manager.

People will be hired for jobs in town government not through some imagined 'absolute' cold civil service guideline (which seems to give rise to nothing but petty tyrants who use their power to lord over the rest of us)—but rather through standards of humanity and warmth which will make us feel that it is our government which cares for us: does not see us as an impediment to the shuf-

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Lorenzo Milam, citizen in revolt.

Photos: James Bresoll

Citizen take-over tactics

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filing of papers; but rather, a part of the joy and humanity of our days.

The beautiful turn-of-the-century Town Hall was ripped down by all those who thought "Progress" should be the be-all and the end-all of our lives—and replaced with the present garish, and icy, and 'efficient' Town Hall which is nothing more than a spawning ground for further exercises in bureaucracy (not to say, costing us enormous sums in maintenance of this bureaucracy).

We must seek some creative use for this complex. For instance, it would be a perfect site for a 24-hour free public child-care center for the working mother.

It could be used for art exhibits, parties, festivities, dances for the young: anything which will emphasize that it is our Town Hall, and not the sole property of dry and desiccated bureaucrats who have hung up their humanness, and turned themselves into unresponsive mannikins.

Five: The Police Dept.

None of us doubt the need for a police force—men are brutes, and greedy brutes at that. Still—there is something terribly wrong with a militant force which will send a 16-year-old kid into the brutal, homosexual nightmare of Santa Clara County Juvenile Detention Center for a couple of marijuana cigarettes—and, at the same time—allow some land developer who rapes the earth, burns down the trees, destroys the wildlife—to go scot-free.

We must do everything possible to humanize the police: to make them feel that they are a needed and necessary part of the community—not an isolated force of righteousness and toughness.

We will end the requirement that local police carry guns with them at all times. A gun exposed in a holster is like a uniform to some: a signal of hostility, a red flag.

We will encourage our police not to be police when they are off duty. We will try to integrate the police and the non-police duties. They will be urged to take 3 or 6 months leaves of absence, to work in other branches of the town government.

We will restructure the pay and advancement of the police—so that there is continuing and long-range growth in their pay. This will put an end to the present system which offers no chance for advancement after four or five years, leading to despair and stagnation.

We will introduce ideas which should humanize the life of the police. For instance, we will create the post of a 'counselor.' This person will have the same powers as the policeman, but he will never carry a gun, nor wear a uniform.

The counselor will be a peacekeeper, the neighborhood policeman from fifty years ago. He will be a sage and generous member of the community who will have the power of the executive, with wisdom of the judiciary, and the interest of a friend, neighbor, and advisor. Understanding and good will must take precedence over militant law enforcement.

There will be a new set of horse trails interweaving the town, and we will set up a large mounted police force. We will also seek to recreate the 'walking of the beat' where the policemen can become part of their home areas.

In any event, we must get the police out of their supercharged, super-polluting white Dodges. Expenditures of town funds of such cars is a contradiction of what we need—in human priorities.

Six: The Phone Co., PG&E, Banks

The service of Western California Telephone is a monstrous joke: or haven't you noticed how many of your calls go dead; haven't you noticed that you may try to call Saratoga and end up getting Milpitas; haven't you noticed that the quality of calls to San Jose is slightly worse than an overseas toll call to Manila. Banks will lend small amounts of money

In the same way, we will work toward setting up a local power company to buy electricity and gas in bulk from PG&E, and distribute these cheaply to the townspeople, with special concessions to the old and disabled.

Seven: General Quality of Life

Some time ago—God knows when—it was decided that American town governments should be efficient and cold; that the purpose of towns was to provide acres of cement for automobiles; that street life should be suppressed by jack-in-the-box plastic buildings; that town services should be performed by 'experts' with cold and analytical minds; that town governments should be dedicated to protecting the profits of real estate dealers, businessmen, 'respectable' bankers, and speculators; that the old should be labeled 'Senior Citizens' and safely shunted off to 'Retirement communities' and conveniently forgotten; that the young should be kept off the labor market until age 25; that 'Public' property should be

couples, the kids—to participate in town street life at all hours of the day and night. Streets like Portobello Road in London will be set aside and blocked off to automobiles so that the street merchants can sell clothes and jewelry and trinkets. Downtown streets will be closed off to vehicular traffic at regular intervals so that fairs and festivals can be held. All ordinances against selling and consuming foods, coffees and spirits in public will be repealed. Pedestrians will be made masters over the cars.

The downtown area will be honeycombed with bicycle paths and horse trails and walkways. Public buildings—schools, the Town Hall, Fire Houses, town maintenance shops—will be opened to the townspeople without question for gatherings and shows and festivities.

Those who contribute their taxes to participatory democracy will come to have a sense that the town is theirs, for a change, for them to enjoy. Police will have a positive duty to get rid of their mace and hide away their guns and give us a feeling of warmth and human interchange so that visitors will marvel over the social and political integration of the community.

And finally—and perhaps best of all—the town will hire a full time fool to show us our sins of delusion and pretension: an adult-child in costume who will gently mock the pomposity of government, businessmen, hippies, policemen, educators, media executives, councilmen, planners, dentists, contractors, clerks and laundrymen. The town fool will be paid generously to make us aware of all our foolishness: a good fool, a fool who will do as fools have done through the generations. And that is—to point out that, perhaps, the rest of us are somewhat foolish; and that he himself is, perhaps, the only wiseman in the community.

You will notice that we have often appealed to the past—in a surge of nostalgia which seems to be engulfing us all. There are many aspects of the past which were vicious and foolish—but there was a leisure and calm which seems so hard to find again.

Still, the four of us feel that we can slow down the outrageous tyranny of the automobile, and the builder-developer.

The four of us, all born during or shortly after the depression, represent a strong break with the Chamber-of-Commerce mentality, with its Progress-At-Any-Price. Their membership shows less and less young people, showing that their appeal to rank exploitation is, perhaps, dying.

Prospect Road, overlooking the Santa Clara Valley, once was called "The Valley of Heavenly Delights."

And they have taken it away from us: the town and city councils, dominated—as they are—with real estate people, and bankers, and the very speculators from whom we should have been protected.

We can't go back to 1940—they've come and brutally taken it from us. But perhaps we can try to pick up some of the pieces, to recreate some of the values and leisure and flowers from back then. This is the time to try, this is the chance for all of us.

And if we fail now, there will—perhaps—be no other.

'Not your usual rhetorical flier—the boldly-printed sheet devoting two sentences to each Important Issue, with a picture of the candidate (many teeth) with wife (more teeth) and three or five pre-set children (most teeth). This is called "humanizing" the candidate in P.R. terms.'

ney 'on the land,' but always say (of older homes and stores) "The building isn't worth it." Our heritage isn't worth it? What they are telling us is that they will loan us money to plow under the great old buildings in the area—or, perhaps, to tear down some gracious orchard, but they will do nothing to help us save the past.

They won't see that if we protect and honor that past, it will pay off handsomely, especially in a town which caters to tourists in search of all the glories of yesterday, running away from the plasticity of today.

Banks—along with PG&E—use their large resources to contribute to the defeat of ecologically sound legislation and initiatives.

They are—as with most American large corporations—run by middle managers to whom profits are all important; and for whom human values are programmed out so they can be 'efficient.' They forget us as people—and rather see us as objects to be bought and sold with billboards and media ads.

We will begin the lengthy process of making the telephone company a municipal utility—owned and operated by the people of Los Gatos.

We will strive to improve the system, the quality of the service, and see to it that there are special free telephones provided for those people on welfare, pensions, retirement, food stamps, social security, ADC, and the poor and unemployed.

considered the private property of bureaucrats; that amenities in towns should be limited to patches called 'parks' with no real human use or interactions; that all zoning should be strict and exclusive—giving us tightly compartmentalized 'living' and 'working' and 'shopping' areas: as if we and our lives and our souls could be so easily divided into such convenient parts.

The streets of Spain and Mexico and Italy give us a great feeling for the life of the communities, the souls of the people. The sidewalks and alleys and streets are filled—day and night—with pedestrians and peddlers and street artists and musicians. There are donkeys and carts and horses and bicycles; there are endless coffee shops and bars and vendors and awnings and color and life, spilling out into the 'traffic' area—turning the towns and cities into living organisms, into vital conjunctions of humans, all interacting with each other.

We must reinstate the street life in the community of Los Gatos. Ordinances and long-winded hearings which are presently required for those who want to use the sidewalks and streets for commerce and coffee houses and bars and art shows will be repealed. Merchants will be encouraged to spill their wares out on the streets. All restrictions against street musicians, and street artists, and street peddlers will be repealed.

The town government will embark on a vigorous campaign to encourage all—the young, the old, retired, the families, the

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What makes the Bay Guardian different is its ability to turn hard-nosed investigative reporting into a tool for Bay Area citizens to wield against stand-pat politicians, indifferent officials and growth-greedy large corporations—the people whose self-interested decisions are rapidly making San Francisco and other cities and towns around the Bay unlivable.

We call this public journalism. It's an amalgam of the Joseph Pulitzer tradition of advocacy journalism and the Ralph Nader tradition of public interest priorities and, since we began publishing in 1966, it's brought us wide national recognition (Prof. John Hulteng, in his new book "The Fourth Estate," calls us "the best alternative paper in the country") and many awards, including three SF Press Club "Pulitzers of the West."

More important, we've been able to provide leadership and support for many citizen efforts to return a measure of autonomy and control to the people who live in the Bay Area. We've led the fight against Manhattanization of SF since 1968 (see our 256-page paperback, "The Ultimate Highrise"). Our consumer stories have broken supermarket dating codes and led to new open dating practices not only here, but around the country. Our 1971 investigation of the SF City Treasurer's office led to yearly savings of \$2 million for the city.

Every issue of the Guardian features investigative stories like these—on media monopolies, land development schemes, the war, the prison system, women's

rights...on all major Bay Area institutions and policies that work against our public interest.

And there's more. The Guardian offers lively political commentary (Alvin Duskin, Kenneth Rexroth, Jack Morrison), prize-winning cartoons and art (Dan O'Neill, Louis Dunn) and a comprehensive view of Bay Area culture, media, arts and literature (Jerry Kamstra, Rolfe Peterson, Lorenzo Milam and many others—the best writers around).

And now that we're publishing biweekly for the first time, we can bring you more help in getting the most out of SF and the Bay Area: the Guardian's much-talked-about selective calendar of events, and a fast-growing free classified ad section in which Bay Area artisans list this week's best buys.

But if we're to continue as the newspaper in which Bay Area citizens fight back, we need your help. Our kind of public journalism means we usually can't get ads from large businesses—the ads most newspapers depend on. Instead, we survive mostly from subscription sales to people who like our kind of journalism and want to see it thrive in the Bay Area.

Won't you please join our list of subscribers? Subscriptions start at just \$5 for one year (24 issues). For \$9, you get 48 issues (two years)—and for \$20, you'll help support us for five years (120 issues) and become a real champion of public journalism. Also, you may wish to sign up a friend for a subscription, or order a copy of "The Ultimate Highrise." See coupons below for details.

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EDITORIALS

The sky's the limit

Back in 1965, a vintage credibility gap year, the Redevelopment Agency pledged that the Yerba Buena convention center "will not cost the taxpayers of this city one cent."

On March 24, 1972, our supervisors swept aside all such pledges and unani- mously agreed to put SF taxpayers \$225 million in hock to pay for Yerba Buena.

Our Guardian adding machine almost collapsed in figuring out how many cents the taxpayers now owe for Yerba Buena. About 22.5 billion cents, we figure. And, unless a series of miracles unfolds that would astonish Old Testament scribes—the sort of miracles Redevelopment counts on as regular occurrences—SF taxpayers will be coughing up plenty of those cents.

Say about 300 million per year, even if most of the miracles occur.

That's not all, either. With a single sweep of their magisterial cape (sewn together by the Mayor, the Chief Administrative Officer, the supervisors, Redevelopment and the downtown power bloc that will reap most of the profits from Yerba Buena, while homeowners' tax bills mount), city officials have managed to obscure these crucial facts about Yerba Buena from the public:

- The true cost will approach \$500 million, more than twice the announced cost and almost 15 times Redevelopment's original \$34 million estimate.

- The city's blithe disregard of lawsuits piling up against Yerba Buena (there are at least four outstanding, one new one, more ahead) is adding millions to the project's cost and seriously jeopardizing it.

- One of these lawsuits, if successful, will diminish the city's prospects to sell bonds on any issue, even those unconnected with Redevelopment.

- If the Yerba Buena project survives all these suits completely unscathed, and its chances are about as high as the highest building built in Yerba Buena so far (none, after seven years), it will plunge the city into a financial quagmire that will dwarf the Candlestick Park fiasco.

On the surface, the plan to finance Yerba Buena (hereafter, YBC) runs something like this: Redevelopment will sell about \$225 million in revenue bonds to pay for the construction of a sports arena, exhibition hall, parking garage, heating plant and central concourse. The city will lease these facilities from Redevelopment at whatever rate is necessary to pay off that \$225 million in bonds.

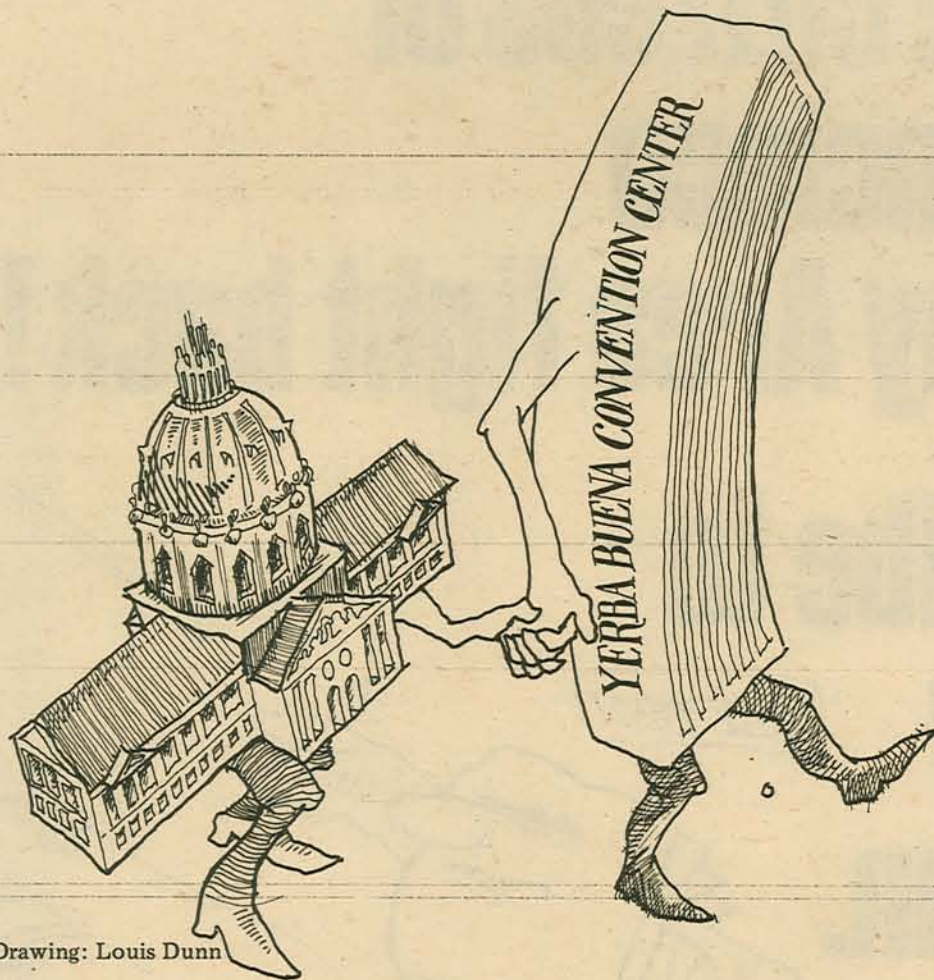
What City Hall didn't include in the public bill, as it didn't years ago for Candlestick, is the cost of interest. At 7% per year over the 35-year life of the bonds, the total YBC financing cost will reach over a half-billion dollars. If the Agency can sell its bonds for less, as it hopes, the cost will be slightly under a half-billion.

That's dollars, not cents.

Where will the city get the money to pay for the lease? That's the key question, and the courts will soon be casting a suspicious eye at Redevelopment's answer. From land rents, the city's hotel tax, facilities income (renting out the arena, for example) and something called "property tax increment," Redevelopment says.

This income will total \$12.7 million in 1976, the first year of the lease, according to Redevelopment's own highly optimistic estimates. But if the revenue bonds sell at 6%—granting Redevelopment a minor miracle—the annual debt service bill will be about \$14.4 million. (Redevelopment says the income will be greater in later years, but the experience of other cities with convention centers belies this. Almost all lose big money.)

Who will pay the difference between an income of \$12.7 million and debt service charges of \$14.4 million? The taxpayer, of course. Supervisors Kopp and Feinstein (the only ones to question



Drawing: Louis Dunn

the plan before buckling to make the final vote unanimous) have introduced a resolution prohibiting the city from raiding the general fund for the difference. This resolution now goes before Robert Mendelsohn's Finance Committee.

But even if it passes, which isn't likely, taxpayers will still fork over the difference through diversion of other revenues that would otherwise go into the general fund.

(Controller Nathan Cooper made a novel comment in explaining another way this difference might be made up. Hotel tax funds for Yerba Buena, he suggested, might increase if Candlestick attendance figures are high. In other words, if the 49ers and Giants have good seasons each year for 35 years, the general fund is safe. Of such thinking are the dreams of Redevelopment built.)

But the general fund isn't safe, not even if San Francisco becomes the permanent sports championship capitol of the Western Hemisphere. The projected property tax increment, for example, is purely speculative. Redevelopment blissfully foresees an 840% increase in assessments between 1965, when the first bulldozing began South of Market, and 1978. For comparison, assessments have risen just 33% in seven years in the blocks surrounding YBC.

Redevelopment's hopes for stratospherically-increased property values in YBC all depend upon the plans of private developers. But many of them have been disenchanted by the city's slowness in getting YBC going. Del Monte Foods, for example, and its 30-story office building. Yet Redevelopment wistfully includes the Del Monte skyscraper in its cost/income calculations.

And, in asserting that YBC financing won't cost taxpayers a cent, Redevelopment neglects to figure into its equations the property tax increment YBC properties would have earned if Redevelopment hadn't condemned the land. That money, amounting to tens of millions over a 35-year period, would have gone into the general fund. Now taxpayers will make up the loss.

Nor is that the end of it. The plan's multiple financial pitfalls go on forever. Consider:

- A luxury hotel Redevelopment believes will pay the largest share of YBC's land rents hasn't been approved yet by HUD. If it is, a lawsuit is likely from current area residents who, despite court orders, haven't been provided with relocation housing.

- Income from public facilities will fall far short of projections unless the city can round up many more prospect-

ive customers and events than it now has.

- Proposed rates for the YBC garage are twice those of the nearby Fifth and Mission garage. Redevelopment hopes tourists can be duped into parking there anyway.

- Redevelopment entirely ignores the added cost to the city of providing services for YBC. Police, fire, road repair and dozens of lesser services will be paid for out of the general fund. Again, taxpayers will foot the bill.

All this financial legerdemain in behalf of a project San Francisco doesn't need anyhow proved too much for SF Attorney Gerald Wright, who, on April 4, filed a taxpayers' suit challenging the YBC financing plan.

When a project financed by bonds can't support itself, Wright contends, state law requires that the city place it before the voters, who must approve by a two-thirds margin.

This means Redevelopment now must convince a court, not just a group of pantywaist supervisors totally enthralled with downtown developers, that the financing plan is sound.

If Wright's suit wins, Yerba Buena will be in deep trouble. The city will be forced to take the financing plan to the voters, a course it's strenuously avoided for years. Controller Cooper, backed by a compliant City Attorney's office, says the state law doesn't apply and voters needn't be consulted because the bonds will be sold by the Redevelopment Agency itself, not the city.

Strange reasoning. Redevelopment sells them, all right, but it's the city that pays if income falls short.

Redevelopment fears a public test of the plan because it's highly unlikely YBC backers would be able to fool two-thirds of the voters into supporting the plan, which to many San Franciscans ranks considerably lower in priority for public funding than, say, rebuilt schools, refurbished parks or low-income housing.

Even if the voters did approve the plan, another nasty problem would arise. The City Charter limits SF's bonded indebtedness to 12% of total city property assessments. Currently the limit is about \$282 million, and the city has about \$151 million in bonds outstanding. The unused \$131 million is only slightly less than 60% of YBC's projected bond cost of \$225 million.

If the city moved ahead on the plan anyway, while testing the Charter violation in court, other city bonds would be unsalable until the verdict was in—a process that might take years. During that period the city could build no new schools, parks, sewers or any other bonded projects.

Supv. Terry Francois parroted the standing reply of official San Francisco in responding to the Wright lawsuit and others that lie ahead, such as a demand by South of Market residents that 10% of the \$225 million go for relocation housing, and another by the Sierra Club calling for a YBC environmental impact study as required by the National Environmental Protection Act.

"I'm not at all impressed with the threat of further lawsuits—I expected them," said Francois.

It's this kind of official arrogance, raised to outrageous new heights with the city's attempt to stick taxpayers with a half-billion dollar debt without seeking their approval, that has crippled YBC from the start. Indifference to the law has already resulted in a 26-month court-ordered delay in YBC construction: that's costing the city \$7,000 a day, a total of \$5.5 million so far.

How many years longer will this go on?
—Mike Miller



'Fighting Bob' in conflict

The fitting postscript came from Supv. Robert "Fighting Bob" Mendelsohn and all the good work he's done for his friends and campaign contributors behind Yerba Buena. On a 7-4 vote against delaying Yerba Buena approval for a week, Mendelsohn cut through the flak: "There's no pressing need for procrastination."

Mendelsohn, it turns out, is a \$825 a month private consultant for Lawrence Halprin and Associates, which has part of a \$127,000 joint contract on Yerba Buena. This is not, he argues stoutly, a conflict of interest and Deputy City Attorney Robert Kenealy agrees with him.

Let's just say it's a neat congruence of interests that has characterized Yerba Buena from start to finish.

Question: Is there any pressing need to support Mendelsohn for higher office of any kind?



Support the march!

How long, how many times must we keep marching against the war in Vietnam?

We've been opposing the war and our staff has been marching in every peace march to come along ever since the Guardian started in the fall of 1966.

The whole atmosphere has changed since those days, when John Tunney and Pat Brown and Jerome Waldie and Joe Alioto and Edmund Muskie and Pete McCloskey and lots of other people supported the war; nowadays, even that great page one warrior, William Randolph Hearst, Jr., flailing away beneath the Hearst masthead, "54-40 or fight," doesn't have much enthusiasm for the fight anymore.

But the main point is the same now as then: there will be no peace for the U.S. until we can pull fully out of Indochina—men, planes, bombs, CIA, B of A branches, the works—under the terms of a negotiated political settlement. To "pull out" and keep fighting and try to save political face at the same time is as insane as getting into the war in the first place. Join the peace march on April 22.

Note: we're pleased to see Sen. McGovern pulling ahead so dramatically. He was on the ramparts in the early days; he's the man we see in the Presidential race who can be entrusted with the trickiest assignment in American history: disengaging completely from Indochina and other imperialistic adventures.



BLACK COMMUNITY SURVIVAL

Food, votes and sickle cell tests

By Roger Lubin

On first glance it looked like a re-run. The scene was reminiscent of five years ago, when the Black Panthers with matching jackets, berets, baleful Sonny Liston bad-dude stares and semi-automatic weapons marched indignantly into the State Capitol, scared the hell out of everyone from the Governor on down and burst onto the front pages of the media and into the parlors of the radical chic.

But the old inflammatory rhetoric was gone. Party Chairman Bobby Seale told the crowd of 40,000 attending the Black Community Survival Conference, in Berkeley and Oakland on March 29 to 31, that "we are returning to the original vision of the Black Panther Party—serving the people body and soul."

As a first installment on the promise, the Panthers tested 13,000 people for sickle cell anemia and gave away more than 10,000 bags of groceries—with a chicken in every bag.

Even when Seale said the Panthers would begin to solicit donations from white-owned businesses in black neighborhoods, he urged that it be done with understanding. "These people are not the enemy," he said. "The small businessmen—black and white—are victims of the same oppression."

The crowd mix was different, too. Once Panther rallies were the province of the young militant black and his white street-radical counterpart. Now the crowd was perhaps 98% black, and a high percentage of the people were older.

Middle-aged and above, they were people who would not attend a Panther rally back in the days of Eldridge Cleaver, preferring to work out their social problems through church groups and established black organizations like Dr. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

Nearly a year ago, Huey Newton held a press conference to herald the change in Panther policy. The Panthers would henceforth relate, he announced, to the entire black community, which included politically moderate blacks, older churchgoers and small businessmen, as well as radical youth and street people.

But with Panther ranks thinned as a result of conflicts, their leadership in



Chairman Bobby Seale: "We are returning to the original vision of the Black Panther Party—serving the people body and soul." Photo: Hank Lebo



"In the words of Seale, this is '...what the revolution is all about.'" Photo: Hank Lebo

and out of jail and a split between Newton and Cleaver, most analysts assumed the Panthers were finished in the black community. No one paid the announcement much heed.

In New York, where major mass media decisions are made, editors appear content to portray the Panthers as maniacal, gun-toting, bad-ass niggers. When I talked with Gerry Lubenow, Newsweek's West Coast editor, he said he had been trying for months to get New York to run a story on the changing image of the Panthers. Thus far, New York's answer has been "No."

At Time the situation is no different. While it mentioned the chicken giveaway, it, too, ignored the wider political implications of the Survival Conference.

Bay Area dailies that bothered to cover the conference at all treated it as a personality story—"Bobby Seale gives out chickens!" The gist of the page 3 story in the SF Examiner was that hordes of hungry, chicken-crazed blacks stormed the barricades, lusting after free groceries, grabbing what they could and carrying them back to their Cadillacs.

But the real significance of the Survival Conference lies in another impressive achievement: the Panthers registered 11,000 new black voters. Surprisingly, the Panthers are following the advice of traditional politicians who, in the days of riots and long hot summers, urged "working through the system" as the solution for black problems.

In effect, the Panthers are beating the Democrats to the punch by organizing the black community, not around a candidate, but around the needs of the community itself. In his speech, Seale indicated the Panthers would continue the food giveaways and free medical care, and also open two factories to manufacture shoes and clothing, provide job training to the unemployed and allow the Panthers to give free clothing and shoes back to the community.

If the Panthers are able to do all this, and to sign up new voters and influence them to vote as a bloc, the impact on elections could be substantial, especially for local politicians. In many of the state's major urban areas, these votes could elect congressmen and county officials.

The new policy will not enhance the Panther's image, as the baddest radicals around, with sectors of the extreme left, the mass media and J. Edgar Hoover. There is nothing sensationally "radical" about feeding people, registering voters and offering free medical care, but this is, in the words of Seale, "...what the revolution is all about."

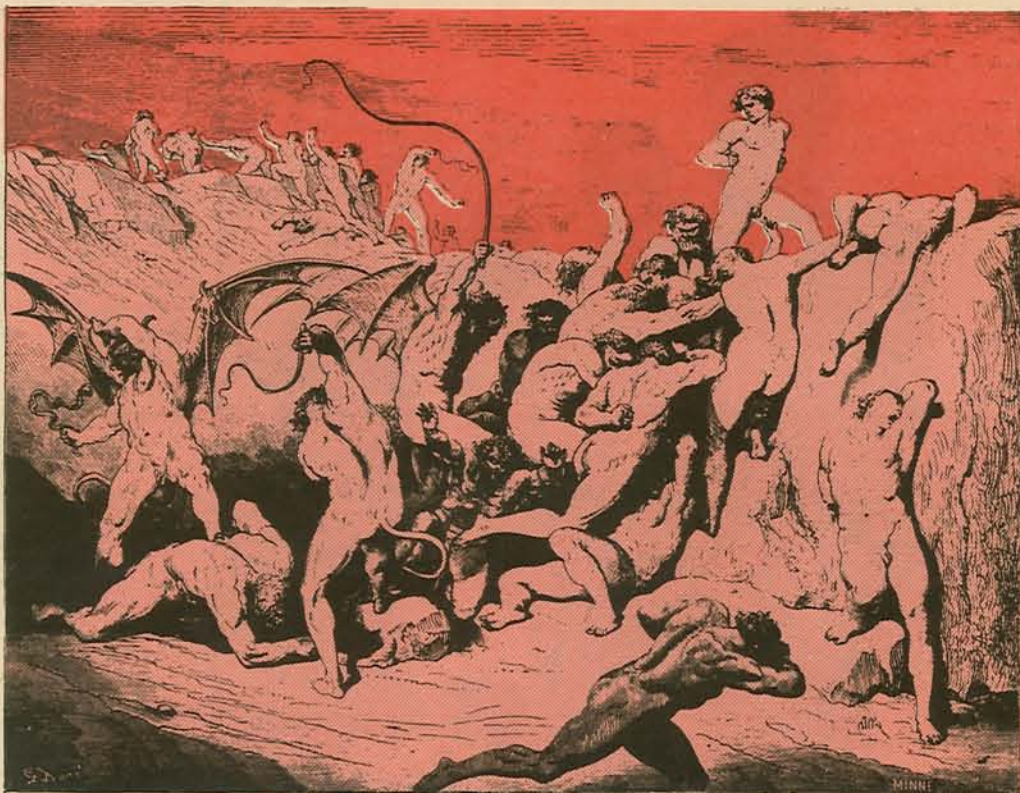


"They were people who would not attend a Panther rally back in the days of Eldridge Cleaver, preferring ...Dr. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference."

Photo: Roger Lubin

EVENT OF THE FORTNIGHT-

*no admission charge



Income Tax Day, Monday, April 17

SUN. 16

Joan Baez and Country Joe McDonald, benefit concert for Vietnam Veterans Against the War, SF Cow Palace, 2 p.m., \$2.

*Mix Concert: Luis Gasca and Friends, Bay Area rock group, Los Flamencos de la Bodega, Spanish dancers, singers and guitarist, and Roberto Vargas, a Mission District poet, SF Museum of Art, McAllister/Van Ness, 2 p.m. Wildflower Hike, a leisurely 3-hour hike along Coalmine Ridge led by an expert on local vegetation, soil and geology of Portola Valley area, Portola Valley Red Schoolhouse, Portola Road, 9:30 a.m. and 1:30 p.m., \$1. Contact Committee for Green Foothills, 885 Oak Grove, Menlo Park. Peoples Life Fund Marathon, pledge refused war taxes (income and telephone taxes), entertainment, tax refusal counseling, "Automated Airwar" slide show, funds go to free clinics, jail reform, Farm Workers Union, St. Peters, 1200 Florida St., 12 noon-9 p.m. "Captain Blood," Errol Flynn and romance on the high seas, Gateway Cinema, Jackson at Battery, 421-3353, Sun.-Tues.

MON. 17

Public hearing on Equal Rights Amendment: save protective legislation (50 laws protecting women include: mandatory coffee and lunch breaks, seats for salespeople, drinking water and toilets in the fields). Help save these laws and get them extended to men, Assembly Judiciary Committee, State Bldg., Sacramento, 7 p.m. Muni-riders: do you angrily compose mental letters to the PUC while waiting half an hour for a bus to take you 10 blocks? Tell it like it is (and see how much good it does you) at the Board of Supervisors public hearing on proposed Muni cutbacks, Supervisors chambers, City Hall, 2 p.m. Nonviolent civil disobedience and support vigil: opposition to air war and payment of war taxes, sponsored by War Resisters League, civil disobedience at Alameda Naval Base, legal support vigil in areas adjacent to Alameda Naval Base, 6 a.m. Star Trek heads: report on the first Star Trek Convention (Jan. 21-23), excerpts of speeches by Isaac Asimov, science fiction writer, and Gene Roddenberry, producer of Star Trek TV series, KPFA, 12:30 p.m.

TUES. 18

Mimi Farina and Tom Jans, Boarding House, 960 Bush St., 9:30 p.m., thru Apr. 23, \$2. "Agapao," film study of the faith healer—"psychosurgeons" of the Philippines—following film a panel of experts will discuss whether "it is indeed possible to believe what you have just witnessed with your own eyes." Stay away "if you are apt to become faint at the sight of blood," press announcements caution. UC San Francisco, Millberry Union, 7:30 p.m. *Zero for Conduct" Dadaistic, and "L'Atalante," two Jean Vigo film classics, Little Theatre, Alameda High School, 2200 Central Ave., Alameda, 7:00 p.m. "Forty-Second Street," first Busby Berkeley spectacle, chorus girls hoping to be stars, musical numbers include "Forty-Second Street" and "Shuffle Off To Buffalo," SF Museum of Art, 7:30 p.m., \$1. "Zabriskie Point," Antonioni film, fantastic finale, Times Theatre, Stockton/Broadway, 99¢

WED. 19

Public hearing of California Air Resources Board to consider Prop. 9, the Clean Environment Initiative. Go ready for a fight if you want to see the initiative approved: the Board's technical advisers have already come out against this comprehensive environment-cleaning measure, Rm. 1194, State Bldg., Golden Gate Ave., 9:30 a.m. Support your ferries: public hearing, Golden Gate Bridge Highway and Transportation District for Federal Grants for expansion of bus and ferry systems, Administration Bldg., Toll Plaza, 8 a.m. Astrology Workshop, for those at intermediate level, Philosopher Stone bookstore, 4042 24th St., 8 p.m., \$3. Opera devotees: Maria Callas performs a scene from Act II of "Tosca" on "Vibrations," KQED, channel 9, 9 p.m. "What Happens to Women in Jail," former prisoners speak about their experiences as women in California prisons, KPFA, 8 p.m. Mose Allison, excellent singer, blues in a style all his own, Mandrake's, 1048 University Ave., Berk., 845-9065, thru Apr. 23. Public hearings on proposed air pollution regulations, Bay Area Air Pollution Control District, 939 Ellis, 9:30 a.m.

THURS. 13

FR

Two Pontecorvo super-films: "Battle of Algiers," moving pseudo-documentary film of battle for independence waged against the French; and "Burn," another approach to colonial imperialism, stars Marlon Brando in one of his best roles, Telegraph Repertory Cinema, Cinema II, 2533 Telegraph Ave., Berk. 848-8650, Apr. 13-19.

Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons, in "Murder and the Revengeful Ghost," another in nightly old-time radio shows, Gene Nelson, KSFO, 10-11 p.m.

Ali Akbar birthday celebration, music, masquerade, dance,atorium, Va tickets, \$2 SF, for mo 924-1530. "How to D a workshop legal advice ity property Orpheus, p.m., \$2 for further

FOR THE WEEK

"La Chinoise," for Godard enthusiasts, five Fr students becoming revolutionaries, UC San Francisco Millberry Union, 500 Parnassus, \$1. Fri. on "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari," bizarre silent KQED, channel 9, 8:30 p.m. Fri.

A glimpse into a Southern undertaker's parlor, noted statesman wakes to find himself impregnated with a transplanted uterus, plays by the Native Son Theatre, New Theatre, 3126 Shattuck Berk., 13-15, 20-22, 27-29, \$1.50. Fri.-Sat. "Follow The Boys," W.C. Fields sings and does table routines, Orson Welles saws Marlene Dietrich in half; "Remember The Night," romance between shoplifter Barbara Stanwyck and detective Fred MacMurray, Film Fair, 732 Chenery, SF, 586-7748. Fri.-Sun.

THURS. 20

FR

"The Rise of Louis XIV," highly stylized film of Sun King's career, KQED, channel 9, 8:30 p.m.

Women: do you have a job discrimination complaint and don't know what to do? The newly formed Women's Job Rights Advocates can help you at their weekly clinic, Thursday, Rm. 1105, 220 Bush, 5-7 p.m. Or call 648-5356.

"Coconuts," film (1929) Center, Cer Bee Sts., 75 Jennifer Cr reporter issue), SF T channel 44 "Black Moe musical pro Rothermel, traylor of M film, "Tric Theatre, Co midnight, R

FOR THE WEEK

Festival of People's Struggle, march from Panhandle to Kezar Stadium for displays on: the war, women's life in China, international liberation struggles, speakers include Dick Gregory, entertainment by Mime Troupe and Country Joe McDonald, march 10:00 a.m., rally 12:00 noon Sat.

Richie Havens, blues-folk singer ("Just Like A Virgin"), Winterland, 8 p.m., \$3.50 in advance (54622), \$4.00 at door. Sat. Louis Falco Company, "fine artistry at all levels," says Dance News, music by rock group Pot Shop, sets by Marisol, UCB, Zellerbach Aud., 8 p.m., \$1.50-4.50. Sat.

"Orpheus," lyrical modern adaptation of legend Orpheus, KQED, channel 9, 8:30 p.m. Fri.

SUN. 23

Herbert Marcuse ("Eros and Civilization," etc.), New Left guru, speaks on "Youth In A One-Dimensional Society," Memorial Gym., USF, Golden Gate Ave. nr. Masonic, 2 p.m., \$2, tickets at USF and Macy's stores. "A Midsummer Night's Dream," (1935), Mickey Rooney as Puck, Gateway Cinema, Jackson at Battery, GA 1-3353. "Investigating the FBI," highlights from 1971 Princeton University conference on understanding "the structure of the FBI and its role and powers in American society," participants include I. F. Stone and former FBI informers, KPFA, 1 p.m. Cherry Blossom Festival Parade, oriental floats, portable shrines, sword-swinging samurai, entertainers, 15-block route from Civic Center to the Japan Center Peace Plaza, where Japanese music and songfest takes place, 2 p.m. Jack Anderson enters the ring with William F. Buckley, Jr. Topic: Political Reporting, KQED-TV, Channel 9, 8 p.m.

MON. 24

"Be-ing Without Clothes," exhibit of nude human form ("anatomy down to the space between two toes," says press release) as seen by photographers Imogen Cunningham, Todd Walker and others, SF Museum of Art, McAllister/Van Ness. Violinists: open auditions for the SF Symphony Orchestra position of second violin, for 1972-73, will be held May 12. Send a written resume and application by Apr. 28 to Verne M. Sellin, Personnel Manager, SF Symphony Orchestra, 107 War Memorial Veterans' Bldg., SF. *Caricature & Comic Art," an exhibit of three centuries of humor from: 18th century satire of William Hogarth, barbs of the Cruikshanks in 19th century, through 20th century—Max Beerbohm to Mad Magazine; Phelan Hall, Main Library, Civic Center, thru May. "Gunsmoke," the sound of horses' hooves, the clatter of covered wagon wheels, in this original 1952 radio broadcast, tonight's episode: "The Texas Trail Herd," Gene Nelson Show, KSFO, 10-11 p.m.

TUES. 25

Haight-Ashbury, Western Addition, Marina, Pacific Heights and Richmond residents: topple high-rises, watch planning commissioners yawn, last neighborhood meeting with City Planning Commission, Roosevelt Junior High School, 460 Arguello Blvd., 7 p.m. Jean Ritchie, mountain songs with dulcimer, Freight and Salvage, (serves coffee, brownies and cake at reasonable prices), 1827 San Pablo Ave., Berk., music starts at 9:30 p.m., 548-1761. "Jesus Christ Superstar," SF supercolumnist John Wasserman calls it "pop spiritualism gone amok," Orpheum Theatre, Market at Hyde, Tues.-Thurs., 8:30 p.m.; Fri.-Sat., 7 and 10 p.m.; Sun. 5 and 8 p.m.; tickets \$3.50-7.50. Redevelopment vs. people's restoration: Haight residents, find out how you can get your landlord to make needed repairs; plan action to keep the Haight from becoming a slum. Speakers, slide and puppet shows, All Saints Church, 1350 Waller, 8 p.m. For more info. call 552-1741 or 664-1124.

WED. 26

"The Concert For Bangladesh," film of the NY benefit: it's cinematically poor but the best thing going if you're turned on by George Harrison, Leon Russell, Ali Akbar Khan, Bob Dylan, Warfield Theatre, 982 Market.

Step back into pre-TV days: "Grand Central Station," a 1940s radio show, Gene Nelson Show, KSFO, 10-11 p.m.

The plush and the posh: walk through luxurious banquet rooms, suites and an elegant ballroom, zip through it all in a glass enclosed elevator traveling 1,000 feet per minute, daily (every 15 minutes, 10 a.m.-3 p.m.) conducted tours of the Hotel St. Francis' new facilities, Powell/Geary.

"San Francisco's Lively Press," compare press coverage of events through historical photographs, first editions and sample copies of Bay Area press, including the Guardian, Second Floor and Special Collections Dept., Main Library, Civic Center. Thru May.

THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN

CALENDAR

FOR

APRIL

By Vi

The Bay Guardian Selective Calendar is a biweekly events, also obscure doings in the Bay Area. T bulletin board or wrapping fish. Notify Vicki of redeeming social significance. Deadline for thereafter. Best to write in early. Call us if you

FRI. 14

Ali Akbar Khan concert, 50th birthday celebration of the Indian music master, sarods, sitar, Kathak dance troupe, Veterans' Auditorium, Van Ness/McAllister; tickets, \$2-5.00, Tower Records, SF, for more information call 924-1530.

"How to Do Your Own Divorce," a workshop: filing procedures, legal advice on alimony, community property, child custody, etc., Orpheus, 1385 7th Ave., 7:30 p.m., \$2 donation, call 665-2423 for further information.

SAT. 15

Gourmets/Activists: a sumptuous dinner to raise money for the Gibson-Justice Defense Committee (two black prisoners charged with the killing of a San Quentin guard), California Street Cooking School, 2877 California St., \$12.50. Reservations: 285-3101.

Abortion Action Workshop, films and tapes of rousing debates between the Women's Abortion Coalition and anti-abortion spokesmen, planning for national abortion action week (May 1-6), YWCA, 620 Sutter St., 10 a.m.-5 p.m., for info. call 864-0500.

WEEKEND

Diasts, five French, UC San Francisco, \$1. Fri. only. Bizarre silent film,

ker's parlor, a self impreg- plays by the Old 3126 Shattuck, Fri.-Sat. gs and does pool. Marlene Dietrich. Romance blooms. Rock and detective henery, SF,

HPSCHD, West Coast premier of John Cage and Le-jaren Hiller's massive piece, based on a Mozart work, performed by six harpsichords, 30 tape machines playing computer-generated recordings, slide and films about space travel including live NASA footage, vintage science fiction movies (1936 Buck Rogers) and fantasy films (1903 A Trip to the Moon). Rotunda, SF Museum of Art, Van Ness/McAllister, 8:30 p.m., \$2 in advance at SF Conservatory (564-8086) and Macy's stores. Thurs. Congress of Wonders. Freight & Salvage, 1827 Pablo Ave., Berk., 9:30 p.m., 548-1761, Fri.-Sat. Merry Clayton (superb vocalist in Rolling Stones' "Let It Bleed" album), J. Geils Band, Elvin Bishop, Winterland, 8 p.m., \$3.50-4.00. Fri.-Sat.

FRI. 21

"Coconuts," first Marx Brothers film (1929), Sausalito Youth Center, Central School, Caledonia/Bee Sts., 75¢ donation.

Jennifer Cross, Guardian consumer reporter (see her article in this issue), SF Today, KBHK-TV, channel 44, 2:30 p.m.

"Black Moonlight," a Cockettes musical production starring John Rothermel, acclaimed for his portrayal of Mamie Eisenhower in the film, "Tricia's Wedding," Palace Theatre, Columbus/Powell Sts., midnight, Fri.-Sat., \$2.50.

SAT. 22

*Garden problems? bring them to Environmental Garden Clinic: garden remedies with minimal environmental impact, slide show and movies, exhibits of beneficial organisms, native plants and other things for the garden curious, Shattuck Ave. Co-Op, Shattuck/Cedar Sts., Berk., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. "Prison Legal Libraries-Idea into Reality," legislative view (Willie Brown), library view (Dean Gregory, Folsom Prison librarian), legal view (Richard Sims III, legal counsel, SF Sheriff's Dept.), UC Berk., 145 Dwinelle Hall, 9:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m.

WEEKEND

from Panhandle the war, women, n struggles, rtainment by SF Donald, march

ust Like A Wo- advance (563- y at all levels" up Pot Shop, ad., 8 p.m.,

on of legend of m. Fri.

Merry Clayton, superb singer, Copperhead, ("genuine hard-edge flash based on music and not on gimmick," says Alec Dubro, Guardian music reviewer), and Stoneground, top gospel-rock group, Men's Gym, San Jose State College, 8 p.m., \$3.50. "Persona," Ingmar Bergman film, SF State, HLL 130, 7 p.m., \$1. Fri.

*Day of Women's Films, includes "Growing Up Female," "A Woman's Film," University Santa Clara, Daly Science Bldg., rm. 207, 12 noon. Sat.

AN LENDAR FOR RIL 13-26

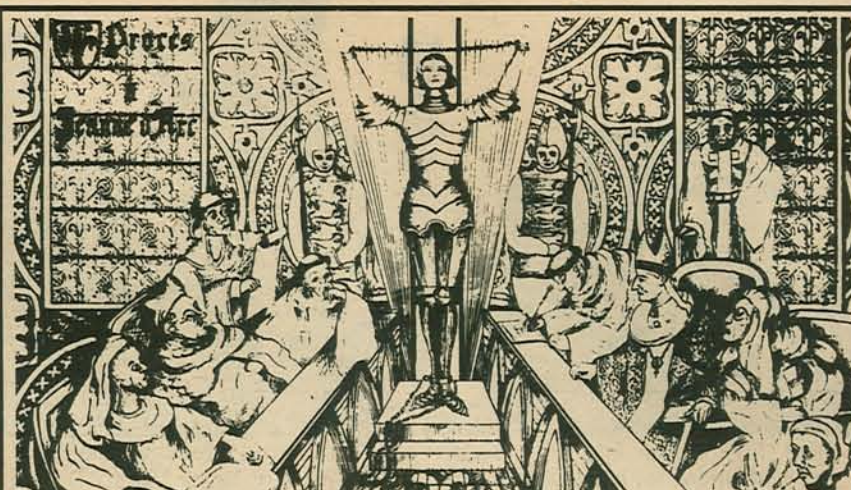
By Vicki Sufian

alendar is a biweekly listing of entertainment, cultural and political Bay Area. The Calendar is suitable for framing, tacking up on a Notify Vicki Sufian of demonstrations, openings, benefits, events Deadline for next issue: April 21 and every other Friday Call us if you're late.

AT THE GALLERIES



Revolutionary fervor in Twentieth Century Russia, Spain, France and Germany is powerfully depicted in historical posters at the Poster, 2266 Union St. Germany: a huge fist smashing the Reichstag urges people to vote to destroy parliamentary democracy, Russia: knights on white horses drive revolutionaries over a cliff into hell where demons torture them. Spain: A nightmarish monster (communism) carries off a woman (Spain). On exhibit through May 6.



Adrienne Barteau's works revive the old art form of book plates (illustrated labels pasted in a book identifying the owner) at a fascinating exhibition at Millberry Union, UC Med. Center, SF. Like the monks of old, Barteau draws mythological and biblical figures and scenes and reduces them to book plate form. Through Apr. 27.

Enigmatic and paradoxical graphics by M.C. Escher are on view at the Vorpall Galleries, 1169 Battery St. Escher, who recently died, was a master of the stone lithograph, the wood-cut and the wood engraving. His work, he said, "often bears witness to my amazement and wonder at the laws of nature which operate in the world around us. By keenly confronting the enigmas that surround us, and by considering and analyzing the observations that I had made, I ended up in the domain of mathematics. Although I am absolutely innocent of training or knowledge in the exact sciences, I often seem to have more in common with mathematics than with my fellow artists." Through May 31.



You can see massive ceramic walls, vacuumed-formed sculptures in layers of rounded, flowing plastic and dark environment of rubber, formica and plastic in the first major review of Harold Paris' works at the University Art Museum, Berkeley. Paris, considered an innovator in metal-casting, plastics and graphics, works in opposites: smooth and rough, black and white, hard materials that appear soft, and contrasting interiors and exteriors of environments, Apr 26-June 11.

SUPER-LISTS!

Free hors d'oeuvres for the price of a drink (60¢-\$1.25).

Club Kiri, 336 Kearny, 989-4282, 7 days, starting 4:45. You can cook your own hors d'oeuvres on their hibachies: steak with teriyaki sauce, chinese pork buns.

Customer's Yacht, 126 Sutter, 989-7993, Mon.-Fri., 7 p.m. Pizza, fish, grilled ham and cheese canapes, cold cuts.

Galley in The Alley, 55 Maiden Lane, 781-5797, Mon.-Fri., 4:30 p.m. Tacos, chicken bar-b-que, franks, fish, salami and cheese, meatballs.

Harpoon Louis, 554 Commercial, 421-8343, Mon.-Fri., 4:30 p.m. Meatballs, ravioli ("made especially for us"), crackers and cheese.

Harvey Wallbanger, 525 Sansome, 398-3980, Tues.-Fri., 4:30 p.m. Sandwiches, chicken wings, "there's nothing cheap about us."

House of Marefos, 526 Sacramento, 397-6660, closed Sun., 4-6 p.m. Hors d'oeuvres change daily. Friday they had shishkabob with bleu cheese, bread rolls with egg salad, crackers and fish, sausage and bacon.

Leopard, 140 Front, 392-3348, Mon.-Fri., 5-7 p.m. Prawns, franks, pork sausage, meatballs.

Old Colony, 2329 Clement, 751-2030, 7 days, all night long starting at 5 p.m. "a few," mainly meatballs, crackers with salami.

Paolis, 565 Commercial, 781-7115, 7 nights, 5 p.m. Hors d'oeuvres change daily. Thursday night, they had flaming crepes. "It just depends on what the cook feels like fixing."

The Players, 564 Commercial, 989-1815, 5:15 p.m. until they run out, usually at about 7 p.m., Mon.-Fri. Usually chicken wings and spareribs.

Seven Hills, 26 California, 397-7177, Mon.-Fri., 4:30 p.m. Canape-type sandwiches, often salami-cheese.

Stagecoach, 44 Montgomery, 956-4650, 7 nights, 4:30 p.m. Wontons, sausages, canapes, "we have the best in town."

Tosca, 242 Columbus, 986-9651, 7 nights, Cialde, thin, curled Italian cookies.

Domino Club, 25 Trinity, 392-5579, 7 days, 4:30 p.m.-8:30 p.m. Ravioli, zucchini, fish, little sausages.

The Iron Horse, 19 Maiden Lane, 362-8133, Mon.-Sat., 5 p.m. Twenty varieties of "piping hot hors d'oeuvres," egg rolls, pizzas, frittata, prime rib, shrimp puffs.

Iron Duke, 132 Bush, 362-4484, 7 different hors d'oeuvres.

Picadilly Bar, St. Francis Hotel, Powell/Geary. Variety of hors d'oeuvres.

Rathskellar, 600 Turk, 775-3188, Mon.-Fri., 5-8 p.m. Hot and cold hors d'oeuvres, cheeses, meatballs, sausages, tacos, stuffed egg sandwiches, chicken legs. 60¢ drinks.

Compiled by Dianna Waggoner.



See Buckminster Fuller in one of his rare Bay Area appearances. Sample utterances: "My objective has been been humanity's comprehensive welfare in the universe. I could have ended up with a pair of flying slippers." On technology: it "failed because it made no allowance for passion, fashion, chance, change, intuition, the mysticism of harmony, and most important of all, for 'it happens.'" On revolution: "There is only one revolution tolerable to all men, all societies, all political systems: Revolution by design and invention." Fuller, architect, engineer, designer, poet, prophet, inventor of geodesic house houses that fly, and other odd and useful technological designs, 1969 "Humanist of the Year." Thursday, April 27, at 2 p.m., SF State, Main Auditorium. Free. Sure to be a crackling afternoon.

East Bay blues



Willie Gitry, Sonny Lane and a stand-in bass: "Tight and mean blues, so tight you could break off a chunk and take it home." Photo: Roger Lubin

Continued from page 1

somebody's forgotten public housing, Oakland's barracks-version of Mississippi and Georgia shotgun shacks.

Turning east, I found Sonny Lane's house on a quiet street echoing the easy laughter of before-supper children's games. Sonny's mother, a handsome, almost-matronly woman, answered the door. In the comfortable kitchen-dining area, she offered coffee. Sonny sat gently polishing his cherry-red Fender guitar; his father, a surprisingly young-looking man, was stretched in a lounge chair watching television.

"If I get everybody together, you're gonna hear plenty of blues tonight," Sonny greeted, digging at every unpolished cranny of the Fender with his cloth. It was politely formal at first, with long silences, but the slow camaraderie of blues talk began easing the way. It helped to discover we had common Arkansas roots. Sonny, with his father nodding assent and offering an occasional remark,

began rapping on blues in the South.

"We're from Arkansas—Malvern. People talk about the Memphis and Mississippi blues, shoot, there's lots of blues in Arkansas, the eastern part. Between Memphis, West Memphis and Little Rock, there's blues bein' played all the time."

He put away the polishing cloth and started picking blues finger exercises acoustically on his electric Fender. A compactly-built man of medium height and 30-ish age, he spoke and played with a controlled intensity: power to spare.

"We don't do raggedy blues over here. We're in touch with all the bluesmen who come out here to the Coast. I've spent lots of time with Lightnin' Hopkins; he calls every time he comes out West. Brownie McGhee, I see him a lot. Brownie taught me to play guitar, taught me my first G chord. He's a fine man and was good to me."

"Tonight we're playin' for fun, no money in it. We make our money playin'

the private clubs up and down San Leandro Avenue. I take groups out into the Valley to play dances; we make pretty good money that way.

"Ol' Juke Boy Bonner was out here for awhile, just left to get back to Houston. He recorded for Arhoolie and played with me and Charlie Musselwhite. Juke Boy was a lot of trouble, drunk all the time. Nobody can play with him, either, he's got his own time, weird time. He told ol' Musselwhite, 'Man, you workin' me too hard for the money.' Charlie said, 'Sorry, man, but nobody gets rich playin' the blues out here. I do the best I can.'"

Pulling the telephone into his lap, Sonny began dialing a series of numbers. "I can't locate our tenor man," he offered. "We may have to go lookin' for him."

Trading the phone for the Fender, he ran off a series of Texas boogie licks. I volunteered something on Kansas City boogie turning into Texas blues guitar style in the late 1930s.

Sonny switched to a hard Chicago blues riff. "I can listen to four bars of any blues and tell you just where the cat is from: Mississippi, the Carolinas, New Orleans, Texas, Memphis, Chicago. They've all got signatures you can read plain out. Trouble with most of these rock groups playin' blues is they mix it all up and play just too loud. Dad and me went over to the Fillmore last year to hear Freddie King. That damn rock music like to run us out. Those rock drummers are terrible. Elvin Bishop, Paul Butterfield, Steve Miller, they do the blues all right, but the rest of those cats, no way."

Suddenly, it was time to search for the missing tenor man and head for the blues in Richmond. Loading into Sonny's '72 electric-blue Buick Electra, we cut across San Leandro Avenue into the refugee area, squeezing up a littered alley.

The street swarmed with children playing by the drab light of an occasional 25-watt doorway bulb; they hushed and drifted close, drawn by the cool blue elegance of the Electra. No tenor man appeared, and Sonny began easing the car past rubble heaps, around a barracks-building corner, bumping over a half-paved railroad switch. A half-acre of shattered glass and rubble twinkled back the yellow neon glare of San Leandro Avenue.

"This is blues country, right here," Sonny said tightly, swinging the Electra through an open-field run around broken-open cement sacks, piles of rubbish and chuckholes. He leaned over and snapped a cartridge into the tape deck. Howlin' Wolf snarled and smoldered out of the four stereo speakers. "That's ee-vil, ee-vil is goin' along."

We swung onto the MacArthur Freeway and did 75 across the rooftops of West Oakland. "All of that was blues country, and I been playin' up and down that street for years," said Sonny, a little looser now, hitting the freeway lanes smoothly, in and out. "But where we're goin' is even meaner blues. This here club is just a little ol' down home place, you know? It ain't pretty, just down home."

He seemed worried, but I didn't know what to say to ease things. I been down home most my life, but you can't tell a strange cat that.

The Electra angled left off the freeway onto Richmond Avenue, the Red Desert oil tanks, gas flares and frozen metal coils of refineries and switchyard tracks menacing the stinking tide flats. For the third time (at my request), Howlin' Wolf guided us on with "Smoke-stack lightnin', oh don't you hear me crying?"

We slid into the pie-shaped intersection of Cutting and South Streets, stopping alongside a long, narrow, half-

Continued next page

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Continued from previous page
painted building standing alone. In front, an unlighted sign in faded red paint announced the Ritz Bar and Bar-B-Q Food.

Sonny led the way in. "Remember, this is just an ol' down home place." He hovered at my side, politely introducing me to the owner, "Judge," the bartenders and assorted friends.

At which point I cursed my earlier apprehensions. I was home and should have known it.

The long, narrow room went down past the bar, decorated with Ebony-style Falstaff and Schlitz ads, and became a miniature dance floor, extending past a low bandstand lighted by two red 40-watt bulbs, ending at another smaller room in back that was a tiny Bar-B-Q restaurant.

I barely had time to size it up and order a Falstaff when Sonny was back, introducing his drummer—young, articulate George Keith. "You've been to the Chicago clubs," Sonny asked, glancing at me obliquely, "and this ain't much of a place, just down home, what do you think?"

"Same scene, man. I'm home, I'm okay, okay?"

With a tight half-smile, he peeled off to gather musicians while I rapped with Keith.

Lane, Keith and I made our way to a side table, accompanied by the indifferent James Brown-styled group playing, the singer doing gymnastic dance splits around the microphone. Few people were dancing or paying attention to the band. Glancing around, Sonny-Lane brought the Richmond blues up to date.

"It'll fill up tonight, but Sundays are nothing like Friday and Saturday nights—you can't get into this place then. The Ritz and Playboy clubs are the two heavy blues clubs in Richmond. The good bluesmen come around all the time. Jesse Fuller used to play here. Course, this used to be the Red Robin Club, the meanest, fightingest bar in town. Got busted all the time. Now, the music takes care of everything. White musicians come in here to play on the open nights, Sundays. Charlie Musselwhite, he comes in

here and turns this place on. People love him here, man. I've got real respect for Charlie. He's a good musician and a good man."

By now, there's an after-church Sunday evening ambience. About 50 people wander around, ordering quarts of beer to drink out of little styrofoam cups. Middle-aged people, mostly, at first. Old guys in neat suits and pearl-gray fedoras wander in off the street for a cup of coffee and barbecue sandwich in back, checking the action. One beautifully juiced 60-year-old man slowly cakewalks his way to the john to the band's beat.

The first band finishes, and Sonny is on his feet. "Now you're gonna hear blues." No bragging, just a promise. The four men quickly set up, using the drums and amplifiers already there: drummer George Keith, lead guitar Sonny Lane, lead guitar and singer Willie Gitry ("High Tide") and a pickup bass man.

Long, brown and lean Willie Gitry, cool in green undershirt and giant Chicago beret pulled down low, rips off into "Oh you can't lose/What you never had," and my main barmaid, midway in the act of placing a fresh Falstaff on the table, jerks into a sanctified trance. "They doin' it, they doin' it," she squeals, backing her way to the bar in a back-beat dance step. No yelling, no yowling, no diddied-bopping, just a dance floor instantly packed with couples, a warm, tickling thing down in the liver and lights.

It is tight and mean blues, blues so tight you could break off a chunk and take it home. Lane and Gitry both play lead, fully in command of their instruments, swapping fours, coming up and dropping back by delicate touch. In front of me, a big chick in Op black and white dress circles her partner, pulling her dress up to the panties crotch, dropping it when her partner becomes uncool enough to notice.

Behind her, a 50-year-old mama leads her partner through an incredibly sophisticated sex dance, using just fingers and hands. He signifies with his pointed index finger at her pelvis; she gracefully guides the finger away, never spurning it, just sending it somewhere else. She turns, and he slides the finger up the cleft of

her shimmying dress, only to have it deflected somewhere else. . . again.

Meanwhile, between "Write Me a Letter" and "Rock Me Baby," Sonny Lane standing immobile, feet wide apart, half-smile on his face, ripping off bar after bar of blues, Gitry tells us just what to do. "Said, baby, baby, the whole round world is mine/But baby, baby, when I woke up this morning/I had to laugh to keep from cryin'/So baby, baby, bring your fine self on home." Leaning back with his old wide Gibson, Gitry just sings the best blues this side of Chicago.

Clutching the half-empty Falstaff to keep it aboard the rocking table, I only half hear what the chick in the Op dress is shouting in my ear.

"...your mama?"

"No, er, I'm alone, just here to listen."

"I said, when you gonna play your mama; get up there and sit in?"

"Oh, sorry, I'm not a musician, just a writer."

And then, Great God, it is too soon over, sweating Willie Gitry doing an intermission riff.

"That's it, people, we gonna quit now. We got a lot of other cats in the house

want to get down and testify on this Sunday evenin'. Lord have mercy!"

It is then I have time to notice this white chick at the table behind me, carrying an electric guitar in one hand and the plug-in in the other. Sitting ramrod straight, unsmiling, mouth tight, but here to play. And play she does, with Willie Stephens and the Rockets to back her up.

Carrying the fine Irish name of Shureen O'Brian, tense as hell up there in her dingy white tennis shoes, she plays the blues—almost. She does all the runs, fast, with her fingers, but she's unable to let it inside enough to come back out really the blues. The crowd is polite, even encourages her, but nobody dances.

Sunday night is an early closing night in the Ritz Bar and Bar-B-Q; people got to get up and go to work Monday morning, so there is no slow, coming-down, three o'clock in the morning blues. But Sonny Lane and Charlie Musselwhite are right; I heard the blues, blues like in Memphis and Chicago. They're Richmond blues, spawned in the delta, and in the cities, still growing, still keepin' on.



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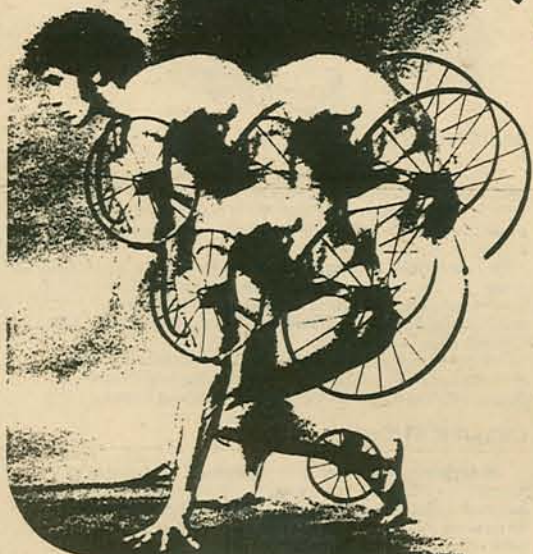
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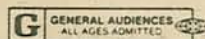
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Bicycling the Skyline

By Tom Standing

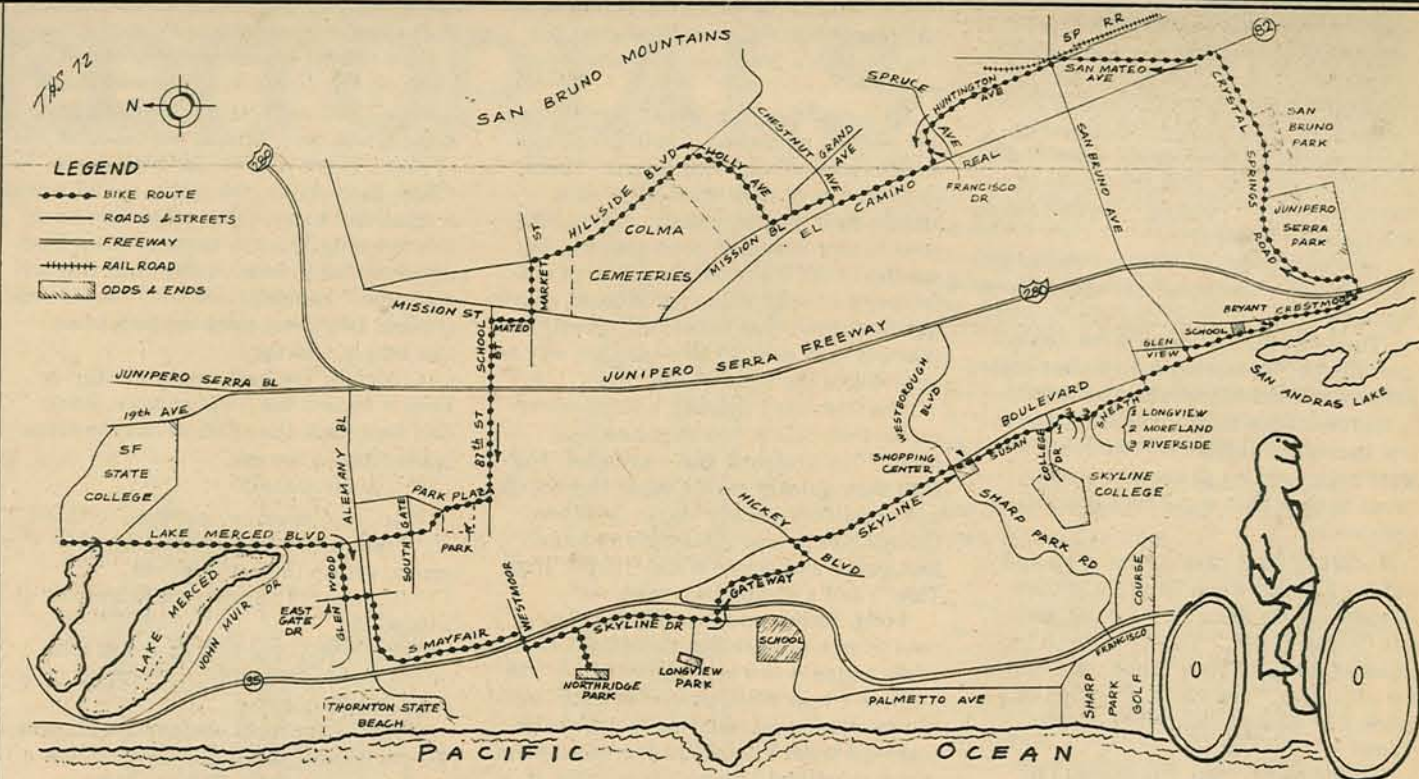
When highway engineers began building freeways along Skyline Drive in San Mateo, they gave hardly a thought to any mode of mobility except motor vehicles. But cyclists can still thread their way to the crest of the peninsula along easy grades and quiet streets. The vertical climb of 600 feet may be strenuous for novice riders, but the spectacular views make it well worth while. The ride is about 20 miles, or a half day.

Start at Lake Merced at the southern end of San Francisco's Tri-Park Bike Route. Pedal along Lake Merced Blvd., but watch for blue-and-white "Bicycle Trail" signs and pavement markings pointing the way to South San Francisco and Pacifica. The bike route to Skyline follows the Pacifica route up Glenwood Ave.

The toughest part of the ride comes early, when you cross Alemany Blvd. to S. Mayfair Ave. Here it's uphill all the way. But the route follows neighborhood streets. Uphills always seem easier on quiet streets.

S. Mayfair soon levels out. While the bike route signs cross the Skyline Freeway, continuing up Skyline Drive, you may want to make a short detour at Northridge Drive, which leads to Northridge Park. This small playground offers a stunning ocean panorama and a chance to rest weary legs.

Skyline Drive continues uphill, cresting at a large water tank. Your turnoff to Gateway Drive is the first street after the stop sign at Longview. Skyline is steep here, so don't flash right past the turnoff.



If you do, you'll barrel downhill to Pacifica in two minutes flat.

Follow Gateway under the freeway and uphill through more neighborhoods. You finally reach Skyline Blvd. via Hickey.

Where Skyline intersects with Sharp Park Road, steer into the parking lot past the Fox Skyline Theatre. Soon you're on Susan Drive, a quiet street parallel to Skyline. Across College Drive, continue on Longview, keeping to the left along residential streets, Moreland, Riverside and Sneath back to Skyline.

Farther south on Skyline there's a mandatory detour. At San Bruno Ave. unfriendly signs proclaim "Freeway Entrance Ahead/Pedestrians, bicycles prohibited." Junipero Serra Freeway severs Skyline here. But there's a way around the impasse.

Swing one block off Skyline onto a parallel street that passes a small shopping center. The street soon dead-ends

for autos, but a path well-worn with bicycle tracks leads you on through trees above a schoolyard, finally bringing you back to Skyline.

The downhill glide to the lowlands begins at Crestmoor. Turn off Skyline here, top the hill and then keep to the main street as it passes over the freeway and swoops down to Crystal Springs Road. Two parks along Crystal Springs, Junipero Serra County Park and San Bruno City Park, offer good places for a break.

At the end of Crystal Springs Road, San Mateo Ave. angles off through a shopping district in South San Francisco ("The Industrial City"). Follow San Mateo to the Southern Pacific mainline, then swing left onto Huntington Ave., a broad four-laner passing through open flatlands. Cross Spruce Ave. and follow Francisco (ignore the "Not a Through Street" sign) to El Camino Real, a biker's nightmare you'll have to ride for only a mile or so.

Chestnut offers the first escape route from El Camino. Go over a block to Mission St., which runs north parallel to El Camino. After a few blocks on Mission, watch for Holly Ave. branching up an easy grade to Hillside Blvd.

An almost rural highway like Hillside is a delight to find so close to the city. It skirts the brown slopes of San Bruno mountain, with farmland on one side and cemeteries on the other.

North of Mt. Olivet Cemetery, Hillside begins a long climb. Detour to the left at Market St. to avoid the hill. Cross Mission St. and turn up Mateo. Your next turn at School St. crosses the freeway, then downhill to Park Plaza Drive. Watch for the familiar "Bicycle Trail" signs along Park Plaza directing you through quiet streets to Lake Merced Blvd. Across Alemany your way is clear to Lake Merced and San Francisco.



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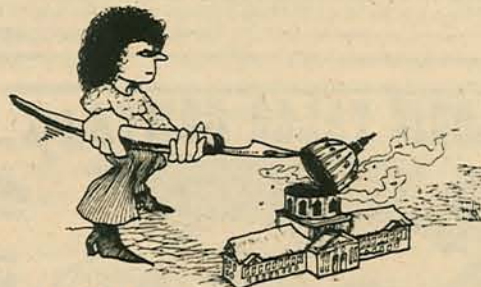
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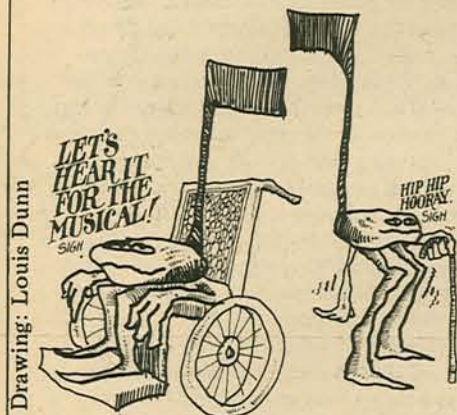
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THEATRE

"Applause" — an aging movie queen in a dying art form

By Rolfe Peterson



"Applause," SF Civic Light Opera, Curran Theatre (455 Geary St., SF, 673-4400)

"Dandy Dick," "Paradise Lost," "The Contractor," ACT, Geary Theatre (415 Geary St., SF, 771-3880)

"Orpheus in the Underworld," Palace of Fine Arts

"Applause" has won all the Tony Awards and is probably as good as Broadway musicals get nowadays. It's also a compendium of all the bad judgment and wrong decisions that have made the American musical comedy a moribund art form.

First, it is based on a movie that everybody's seen. "All About Eve" is not as blatantly unsuited to musical comedy treatment as, say, "Zorba the Greek," but doggedly re-enacting that familiar plot is an inherently tedious way to spend an evening.

Second, the traditional style of musical comedy is big, broad and noisy, not subtle. These brash Broadway shouters applying their simplistic strokes to the characters of a drama like "All About

Eve" are like a rock version of "The Glass Menagerie."

Third, although Strouse and Adams can write fine songs ("Bye Bye Birdie"), their score for "Applause" is woefully "with it"—songs tell the story and portray the characters, but if they happen to fall pleasantly on the ear it's pure chance.

"Applause" sounds like "Company" and "Promises, Promises." I don't think any musical since "Fiddler on the Roof" has left us with any musical memories.

Fourth, Lauren Bacall. She's a Broadway darling, just as Rosalind Russell, Angela Lansbury and Katharine Hepburn have been Broadway darlings, not because of their slight talents for singing, dancing and clowning, but because they are Living Legends from Movieland bringing glamour to the plain folk.

Miss Bacall is likable, versatile, capable of timing a laugh line and energetic (isn't she wonderful, Maude, at her age!). But these rudimentary skills do not warrant building a musical around her. Musical personalities like Ethel Merman and Beatrice Lillie or strong comedians like Bobby Clark and Milton Berle could hold a flimsy show together with their bare hands, because if you laugh enough you overlook a few weaknesses.

Aging movie stars don't have that kind of strength, even when the legend does include a marriage to Bogart.

Ron Fields is one of the best directors and choreographers, and he brings off one fine number for Miss Bacall, "Fasten Your Seat Belts," about a party that goes sour. And he goes all out in two production numbers led by a lively girl named Leland Palmer. But most of the dancing and cavorting, professional and slick as it is, eventually begins to look a great deal like all the other shows and all the other production numbers of recent years.

Maybe the form is dead.

The ACT has opened and closed two interesting but unsuccessful productions in recent weeks. "Dandy Dick" belongs in a repertory season as a museum piece, quaint but still mildly comic, and representative of a dead but historically interesting kind of Victorian farce.

Arthur Wing Pinero, esteemed now only in college survey courses, was a witty and sometimes wise dramatist. He deserves an occasional production. If the ACT were better at comedy, "Dandy Dick" might have been a box-office hit

and stayed in the schedule. But while a charming comedian like William Paterson is getting his laughs, others in the cast, like Joy Carlin, are sabotaging the comic tone by working too hard, over-acting and creating a mood of strain rather than gaiety. Still, I regret its passing.

"Paradise Lost" is similarly interesting as a museum piece, and several ACT stalwarts, particularly Joseph Bird, Lee McCain and G. Wood, displayed some of the most powerful ensemble acting of the season. But in this case the play itself is the insurmountable difficulty. The revered Odets turns out to have been, in this play at least, a pseudo-poetic improviser of shameless soap-opera. So dies another legend.

Then came the ACT's seasonal experiment with the avant-garde. Well, not very avant. David Storey is hot stuff in England, a younger Pinter whose cryptic little theatrical exercises have enjoyed enthusiastic acceptance—because, I suspect, there's very little competition.

"The Contractor" turns out to be slight and fragile entertainment. Program notes inform you that its meanings are symbolic and deep, but its apparent themes—father-son alienation, the decline and fall of the British Empire, the mournful passing of Pride in Craftsmanship—are already trite enough to be tiresome.

Many scenes rely on vulgar, knockabout humor among the workmen employed by the contractor, but, again, the ACT's overdone approach to comedy makes this low humor more painful than pleasing. The idiot, for instance, who is well-played by Howard Sherman, becomes too grotesque a clown to be believed, simply because his handmade coveralls are too large and phony to be believed.

Everything that ought to be casual and convincing, like the raising and lowering of the tent, eventually becomes heavy and self-conscious. This flaw in the performance, coupled with the overtones of cruelty and ugliness that the playwright himself has put into the repartee of the workmen, permeates the evening with unpleasantness.

"The Contractor" might still have been a rewarding evening of symbolic nuances and sociological comedy if it hadn't been stretched out so far. William Ball's direction is the villain here. I fail to appreciate the magic of certain long pauses

that he indulges in. To him they're magic. To me they're interminable.

On the credit side, Ray Reinhardt's performance as The Contractor is superb.

FILMS

"Tales from the Crypt" is a triumph of style over material

By Michael Goodwin

"Tales From the Crypt" (El Rey)
"The Concert for Bangladesh" (Warfield)

Remember those old comic books? The ones you weren't supposed to read? Well, they're back—on film—and they're just as shady and horrifying now as they ever were.

"Tales From the Crypt," directed by Freddie Francis, captures the ambience of the old EC horror comics perfectly. All the gore is there, along with the thinly disguised sadism, the macabre surprise endings, the simplistic morality. There's even the Crypt Keeper himself, played marvelously by Sir Ralph Richardson.

The EC horror comics were a genre all to themselves, quite distinct from the carefully wrought, atmospheric tales of Poe, or the semi-sexual perversions of Lovecraft. The boys at EC knew they were in trouble if anyone caught on to what they were doing (especially parents), so they covered themselves by making the victims of their little tales super bad-guys.

Hence, in a pinch they could point out that, far from glorifying evil (which was, of course, exactly what they were doing), they were portraying the instant and terrible punishment that would befall anyone harboring even the teeniest evil thought.

The result was moralistic kitsch—high-contrast tales in which the bad guys were

Continued next page



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Continued from previous page

cruel to blind men and babies, left their wives or husbands, killed in cold blood for reasons of greed, lust or avarice and were thoroughly without saving graces. Yet, the punishments EC had in store for these villains were, in nearly every case, so terrible that you ended up feeling sorry for the poor bastards—which, of course, was the whole point.

Director Freddie Francis has done the near-impossible, and transferred all this to film. He has the help of a fine cast, but the major credit goes to Francis himself. The style and expertise with which the stories are told is what makes this film fun; the little touches that only a pervert could love are all his.

Francis has been responsible for a couple of interesting horror films for Hammer: "The Brides of Dracula" and a recent Fu Manchu movie, whose name I've forgotten, with Christopher Lee. In Francis' films I've noted the same attention to detail, the same flawless surface that distinguishes "Tales From the Crypt," but what he's added here is a healthy dose of sick humor.

There's something truly marvelous about the scene in which a woman mur-

ders her husband to the accompaniment of lilting Christmas carols, not to mention the very concept of a homicidal maniac dressed in a Santa Claus suit. There are five stories in all, each fully developed in twenty minutes or less. That the film is tightly unified in style, despite the discontinuities of plot and character, is further evidence of Francis' skill.

The continuing character of the Crypt Keeper is a big help, of course. Richardson seems to be having the time of his life with this role, and his rich, cadenced speech makes the Keeper a positive character despite his ominous overtones. Peter Cushing is fine, too, in the role of a nice old garbageman. (Come to think of it, Cushing is almost always very good. I wonder why he never gets to play in anything but horror films?) Patrick Magee is superb as a blind man who leads the blind.

Basically, "Tales From the Crypt" is a triumph of style over material. But a triumph it is, and if you're not allergic to mayhem, blood and random sadism, you'll probably enjoy it as much as I did.

Well, Bob Dylan is in "The Concert for Bangladesh" and he's pretty good. It's got a good song by Ringo, another good song by Leon Russell and a fine set by Ali Akbar Khan and Ravi Shankar. It's also got George Harrison, of course, and more rock superstars than the human mind can stand to think about. And the money goes to feed folks in Bangladesh.

I wish this were a better film. Since it's for such a good cause, one feels terrible about panning it. But it's not very good, and there's nothing I can do about it. The sound is at least a quarter-second out of synch, it's badly recorded, miserably mixed, the editing is clumsy and the photography is worse.

The music is mostly awful (with the above-mentioned exceptions) and there are several embarrassingly tasteless inserts of starving people in Bangladesh. I went because I wanted to see Dylan, I saw him and that was pretty good—but the George Harrison Big Band stuff goes on endlessly, and it's lousy and boring and so badly recorded that you can't hear any of the words or any of the soloists.

To be perfectly fair, I must admit that most of the people I know who saw the film liked Harrison, liked the music and, in fact, liked the movie. I didn't, but you might.

"Salome" — 1894 lust complete with a slow-motion chorus of debauchees

By Irene Oppenheim

"Salome," Attic Theatre (70 Union St., SF) Thurs.-Sun. thru Apr. 30

The full house at a recent performance of Oscar Wilde's "Salome" by the Shela Xoregos Dance Company was more of a tribute to the San Francisco Chronicle than to the artists. A week earlier the company's first program, which I attended, drew a very sparse audience. But the Chronicle's Heuwell Tircuit found "Salome" "masterful," adding, "It has to be seen to be believed." (True enough.) "Salome," poorly conceived and performed, deserved none of the plaudits Tircuit heaped upon it, and left that part of the large audience that had come on the strength of his review feeling uncomfortably deceived.

Written by Oscar Wilde in 1893, "Salome" was refused a license for performance in England and opened in Paris in 1894, produced by Sarah Bernhardt. It is more a piece of dramatic poetry than a

drama, with poetic metaphors falling on one another with annoying rapidity. Andre Gide wrote a number of dramas of the same sort, poetic narratives which read well but are almost impossible to perform.

David Ostwald, who directs the current production, has tried mightily to overcome the play's implausible language and dramatic patterns, but Wilde's indulgent salaciousness does not make for easy going.

Set in the decadent court of King Herod, the play revolves primarily around Herod's lusting after Salome, his lissome stepdaughter. Salome in turn lusts after Jokanaan, a prophet who makes his home in a local well. Jokanaan unwisely rejects the advances of Salome, who later finds an opportunity for revenge. When Herod promises the girl anything she desires if she will dance for him, she dances, demanding in return the head of Jokanaan. She gets it, and the play ends with her avidly kissing the cold lips of her decapitated love.

The value of reviving this escapade in debauchery (which comes complete with a background chorus of slow-motion debauchees) is beyond me. Perhaps in 1894 the novelty of exploring lust on-stage was enough to make the play seem at least a dangerous experience.

One of the many problems was the in-

Continued next page

HITS ON THE SILVER SCREEN

APRIL 16: "Comanche Station" (dir. Budd Boetticher) at the Pacific Film Archive, 2621 Durant, Berkeley, 9:30 only. Boetticher makes westerns, and he makes them better than nearly anyone else around. This one is a classic, and we recommend it highly.

APRIL 19: "Socrates" (dir. Roberto Rossellini) at 155 Dwinelle Hall, UC Berkeley. This is a documentary and, although we haven't seen it, if it's only one-half as good as Rossellini's "Louis XIV" it's got to be terrific.

APRIL 23: "Touch of Evil" (dir. Orson Welles) and "Kiss Me Deadly" (dir. Robert Aldrich) at Pauley Ballroom, UC Berkeley. This is the double-bill of the month, for sure: Welles' best film and Aldrich's best film, together at last! "Kiss Me Deadly" is in a class by itself as the definitive film noir, and as for "Touch of Evil"... well, there just aren't words.

And it's only 50¢. Miss this at your peril.

APRIL 25-26: "French Can-Can" (dir. Jean Renoir) at the People's Nickelodeon, 895 O'Farrell, SF, midnight. One of Renoir's best (and least-known) films. It's a warm, utterly lovely musical—and in English too. The admission price is—no kidding—5¢.

APRIL 26: "La Collectionneuse" (dir. Michael Roehmer) at 155 Dwinelle Hall, UC Berkeley. This is the third of Roehmer's Moral Tales, falling between "Ma Nuit Chez Maude" and "Claire's Knee." I don't think it's been released theatrically, so this is your chance.

APRIL 26-29: "The Oklahoma Kid" (dir. Lloyd Bacon) at the Gateway Theatre, 215 Jackson, SF. This remarkable western stars James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart, and it's printed in sepia! What more can you ask?

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Continued from previous page
appropriate casting of Miss Xoregos as Salome. As an actress she's painfully inept, nor does she possess the kind of delicacy that would lead the men on stage to describe her movements as "dove's wings." Her performance added another dimension of unreality to what was already a confusing situation.

In spite of the poor production, some members of the cast, Martin Ponch as Herod in particular, put in fine performances. But for the most part, it was like watching a suburban high school's class project in rudimentary perversion. The integration of movement into the production was constrained and stylized without adding much to characterizations. And always, omnipresent, an uncomfortable aura of illness, as if the play might have been dished up by the old Marquis de Sade himself. Delightful stuff.

The highlight of the program the week before was a number called "Brahms Waltzes," choreographed in 1958 by Charles Weidman. Alternating between sincerity, coyness and forced delight, the dancers made their way through what was termed a "memorium" to Doris Humphrey. Good thing, otherwise it seemed a collection of worn clichés. Three women in wide grey cotton skirts sat draped decoratively on the floor; alternately watching the dancers with reverential attention and dancing with the men in various combinations—all with an affected sweetness.

Despite amusing successes such as "Zhan Street," I was left with the feeling that something was wrong with the Xoregos Company. The dancers are fairly well trained, but their projections are oddly sterile. It's as if they are in a creative limbo, not quite able to find themselves in the choreography they're asked to perform. "Salome" attempts to fuse dance and drama, but generally Xoregos tends to prefer tradition to exploration.

FOOD

Single entree cuisine — Lamb Noisettes to Uncle David's Quiche

By Blake Samson

In the corners of France's cities of cuisine, Paris and Lyons, it's not unusual to walk into a restaurant that has no menu. The chef himself seats you. Then he waves a fatted goose or rabbit in the air and retires to the kitchen to cook his specialty for the day.

Hidden away in Oakland, Berkeley, Sausalito, Tiburon and Lafayette are several similar restaurants. Here, the daily menu is on the door or written on a small chalkboard hung on a post outside. The telephone rings frequently with callers asking, "What's on tonight?"

These "single-entree" restaurants were once called "family-style," a term that is now much misused. Their advantages are that low overhead keeps costs down and, with apprentice chefs manning the ovens, their cuisine is often inventive and creative.

The newest of these restaurants is Chez Panisse at 1517 Shattuck, Berkeley (548-5525). Here Victoria Kroyer and her assistant, Jayne McCreadie, prepare one or two daily specialties distinguished for their daring and individuality. Victoria often swings a meat cleaver in one hand while holding a glass of wine in the other. A perfectionist by nature,

she will always "go the long way around" to bring her guests authenticity.

Traveling in France, she settled a spell in Haute-Savoie and learned her trade there. Victoria's Gigot Bretonne, Lamb Noisettes, Poulet Basquaise and Poulet Valle d'Auge stand out. But her main strengths are her sauces (bearnaise, bourguignonne, Cumberland) and her soups (Carrot and Orange Soup, Cream of Water cress, Puree de Pois, Consomme Bellevue).

Occasionally she will dip into the Italian repertoire with equal success.

Victoria also has a fine way of using fruits to complement her meals. Her pork roast, for example, boasts plums or mushrooms baked in grape leaves.

The restaurant decor is a modest French home, with a few scattered ferns and mirrors. The waiters, young and precise, move around the small dining room without intrusion.

On special evenings Victoria concocts a total creation, such as a Christmas Eve buffet of Sole Gillaune Tirel or a Souffle glace au Grand Marnier. Lindsey Shere's pastries, especially the Strawberry Tart, or Victoria's Chocolate Marquis top off the meals.

Prices vary from \$4.50 on weekdays to \$6.00 on the weekends. Desserts, wine and expresso are extra.

Balabosta Cafe, at University Ave. and 6th, Berkeley (548-0300), offers a more varied menu that reflects the nomadic travels of its owners, Mr. and Mrs. Les Lubash. Each night they serve Sister Sadie's Apple Habit, Hunks-of-Beef soup, Quiche of the Black Swan, Quiche of the Kashmir Houseboat and Uncle David's Quiche—to name but a few of their more inventive entrees.

Quiche, by the way, is a large dinner pie of eggs, cream, herbs, cheese and sausage, pastrami, corned beef, tongue, lob-

ster, shrimp or vegetables. Balabosta's quiches are Mediterranean versions, and all are filling, tasteful and inexpensive.

If Chez Panisse is the place for inventive cuisine, then Le Petit Village, 3105 Shattuck, Oakland (849-1173), is for the usual French repertoire, cooked unusually well.

Vegetables are perfect here, with the simplest, such as peas and mushrooms, done the best. The soup is superb, especially a light, delicious potato leek.

John Haynes, one of the few black French chefs in the area, if not the country, prepares an excellent spaghetti romano (each flavor separated and full) and chicken cooked to its tenderest point with a fine tarragon sauce.

The restaurant is hidden behind a facade of black, forbidding boards on the poorer end of Shattuck in Oakland; but inside, the candlelight and central fire radiate a quiet warmth.

On some nights the entrees smack of expense-cutting, so here it is doubly important to call ahead for the day's menu. In the long run, however, expense-cutting works in the discriminating customer's favor, for it keeps the prix-fixe at an unbelievable \$4.50, wine included.



Drawing: Marion Bulin

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POLITICS

ALVIN DUSKIN— Saving San Francisco and stopping the Vietnam war: It's all the same battle



Drawing: Louis Dunn

For a few years I wasn't sure Bob Scheer still lived, but I ran into him last week. He looks better than most of the radical stars of the 1960s, and is still talking Vietnam, a subject he turned me and many of my friends onto a decade ago.

Now he wants everyone to show up for the April 22 gathering at Kezar Stadium. My first response was, "Oh no, not another peace march. I've been doing that for years." But now I've warmed up to April 22 and it seems a good idea.

Not that the war in Southeast Asia is very different because of all our marches, but we here in the U.S. have changed. Our inability to stop the war has made everything we do seem a little petty, but the ability of the Vietnamese to survive has shown us some new possibilities. So along with generalized disillusionment, there also seems to be a new idea of who we are fighting and what we may be able to do now.

April 22 will be the first time that my own group, the San Francisco Opposition, will take part in a demonstration against the war. For the past two years we have been involved in various conservation battles: saving Alcatraz Island from becoming a space museum, fighting the infamous California Water Project, trying

to stop the Manhattanization of San Francisco.

Just a few days ago, we turned in an initiative petition with 20,000 signatures to give the voters of San Francisco another chance to decide if they want the City to go in the direction of a high-rise world headquarters for America's expansion into the Pacific.

That's for the June 6 election. In the meantime, the Opposition will be out on the streets with a petition to control campaign spending and another to elect supervisors by neighborhoods.

No one could say that these are not crucial issues. If we stop the mindless destruction of the last livable American city, and if we improve the way we nominate and elect people, then we have done a very good thing for ourselves.

But it seems to me that as conservationists we now see a lot farther. We should, of course, fight against the next dam over a wild river. But we know that we must also fight against a war which is far more destructive than a dam.

It still makes sense to fight highrise development—but tall buildings don't stop children from playing in neighborhood streets as does a cluster of bombs, released silently from a plane flying high above the clouds.

The outrage of poisonous industrial chemicals that end up in our bodies is something we must deal with. But we also know these chemicals won't hurt us as much as chemical defoliants will hurt pregnant Vietnamese women and their babies.

We have to stay with our local problems while seeing beyond them, seeing that the war is the single most important environmental problem.

If we know that the war is the key problem—the greatest disruption in the irrevocable connections of all life on the planet—then it may be we'll begin to fight a two-fold battle even on a local level. We must try to save what is still worth saving in California, but, at the same time, deal with the problem of why the human animal everywhere puts quality of life, and life itself, in a position secondary to profit and power.

We fight our small local battles because the people who put profit and power above life are among us, here in San Francisco, as well as in Washington; and they are the kind of people who like

to make war. We need practice in resisting them.

I don't know how to get people to choose life over power and profit, but perhaps the first thing to do is to identify the enemy. We can see that the conquest of nature by building dams across rivers or paving meadows, and the conquest of man by imposing our forms of government and our life styles on other peoples and races, are essentially the same. Both stem from the idea of conquering, controlling and ruling instead of living in harmony. Loren Eiseley pulled them together when he said somewhere that "the hand that hefted the ax... fondles the machine gun as lovingly."

So we have to march for peace once again. April 22. Starting at Baker and Fell at ten in the morning. And then a rally in Kezar at noon.

What does this have to do with breaking old habits and developing a new kind of human being? Part of it may be a big show of force for the newspapers and television stations. But if the crowds aren't large enough for that, there will be the displays that people will put on for each other. Skits, movies, music, exhibitions on the air war, on China, medical care, childcare and saving neighborhoods, electing honest officials, etc.

We need practice in gentler and more tolerant ways of working together.



JAMES RIDGEWAY— ITT — How the government inside our government works

ITT once was best-known for its foreign adventuring, but under the shrewd leadership of Harold S. Geneen the company in recent years has increasingly come to concentrate on domestic adventures. The result is that the eighth largest industrial corporation has established its own sort of private government.

The company's day to day operations are managed by a group of industrious agents, most of them working behind the scenes to accomplish company ends: While Dita Beard is writing her memo detailing the \$400,000 deal in San Diego to wriggle clear of Justice Department prosecution for the Hartford Insurance merger, some secretary is busily calling around to see whether one of the company's jets is free to transport Sen. Vance Hartke.

In Hartford, in 1970, then Insurance Commissioner Cotter is preparing to run for Congress on the Democratic ticket, and helping the Democratic Party paper over a botched bond sale, the proceeds of which would help build a civic center.

The bond sale fell short of its mark and, according to Ralph Nader's legal brief, during a meeting with the state Democratic leaders, Cotter naturally grabbed a phone and called an ITT official in New York "to arrange for a conference" in his ITT office for the following Friday.

The purpose of this meeting, Nader quoted Cotter as saying, was to ascertain "the sincerity of ITT building a Sheraton Hotel in Hartford and being a participant in some manner in the construction of the Civic Center."

"That meeting was in fact held in Commissioner Cotter's office on Friday, May 22 (1970), one day before the Commissioner's decision was issued approving the exchange offer (of Hartford common for ITT convertible preferred)."

The private government of ITT is seemingly indefatigable. At the Agriculture Department, representatives of Continental Baking, one of ITT's subsidiaries, persuaded the department to rewrite the specifications for the entire federal government's free breakfast program to include a category called "engineered foods." It was so worded that Continental Baking's product, "Astrofood" could be included, thereby assuring a huge market.

When corporate affairs reach a serious stage, Geneen himself steps into the picture, as he did in 1966, when the ITT-ABC merger was getting bogged down. Geneen heard that ABC was having some difficulty with the Nielsen ratings.

So he sent along Edward J. Gerrity Jr., then the public relations vice-president, to straighten things out. Geneen's memo to Gerrity said, "Leonard Golden (ABC president) tells me that Art Nielsen's company had approached them re: elimination of the 30-market Nielsen ratings."

"As you realize, ABC has the most interest in continuation of these ratings because they are the one place that they can show program performance on an equal coverage basis since there are 30 markets in which all three networks are fully represented. We have reason to believe that probably Columbia Broadcasting is behind such a move."

"In any event, will you call Art Nielsen and sound him out for (a) objections to doing this; and (b) suggest in a gentle way that since ABC is in the underdog position that the elimination of these

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Continued from previous page

ratings at this point would have a serious effect on its advertising presentation capability and competitive position and 'we wouldn't blame them at all' if they wanted to react with a Congressional inquiry or whatever thoughts you come up with that might make him think twice about doing it. . ."

Nielsen did retain the 30-market ratings at the time, although there was nothing to suggest Gerrity was responsible for their retention.

In pointing out to stockholders that the company made more money in 1970 than ever before, Geneen observes his empire from this perspective: "Thus, it was a year in which our long-developing management in depth had an opportunity to display its capability and controls under adverse conditions. In my opinion, this is what enabled us to continue our performance."

The cornerstone of ITT's domestic expansion scheme involved acquisition of the Hartford Group of insurance companies, including Hartford Fire, fourth largest liability and property insurer. In doing so, ITT was imitating other conglomerates which have sought to acquire banks, mutual funds, finance companies, insurance firms or other sorts of financial institutions because they provide a steady source of cash, from which other acquisitions can be made and a financial and industrial empire constructed. In the case of ITT, this made immediate sense because the company was strapped for cash, and needed money to keep on acquiring more firms.

Historically, conglomerates have made use of banks and insurance companies as a basis for expansion. More recently, however, banks and insurance companies began turning themselves into holding companies, so that they, too, could spread out and become conglomerates. This has special significance in the insurance industry because in certain unprofitable areas, major insurance companies actually want

to get out of the business. Automobile insurance, for instance, is unprofitable and many of the larger companies now actually encourage government intervention in the form of no fault insurance or insurance guarantees. In the health field, a major move by the insurance industry is being made to persuade the government to take over the underwriting of the insurance and, in effect, hire them as agents.

In this way, insurance companies increasingly become the agents for government—local, state and federal—and, as in the defense business, their business becomes simplified, streamlined and more profitable as underwriting is eliminated and administrative costs shifted to public government. This industrial reorganization, involving creation of a few large financial trusts, has been going forward for the last decade under both Democratic and Republican administrations.

Therefore, with the purchase of the Hartford Insurance Group, ITT in effect was buying a big bank; providing a solid cash flow in the form of premium payments which could be used by ITT to make further acquisitions. In addition, ITT was buying an invaluable warehouse of stocks and bonds, into which Hartford had been pouring its premium payments. Thus, the portfolios of Hartford provide ITT with substantial interests in a whole new set of industries.

A survey of the Hartford Insurance Company portfolios for 1970 reveals, for instance, that in purchasing these insurance companies, ITT also was acquiring positions in stocks and bonds of companies in competing industries. Some of these holdings are not particularly large, but they provide a sort of storehouse through which ITT can build up holdings leading to new acquisitions or for the purpose of exercising control of policies.

For example, Hartford Insurance Companies in 1970 had sizable holdings in General Electric, Westinghouse and General Telephone & Electronics common stock. All these companies compete with ITT in electronics. It also held stocks and bonds of RCA, a major ITT competi-

tor. And Hartford also had investments in AT&T and some of its subsidiaries.

Hartford appears to have substantial holdings in Texas utilities, including Houston Lighting & Power Co. and Tex-Utilities, a holding company with two operating subsidiaries.

Hartford's holdings include stocks in New York banks and in Bankamerica and Western Bancorporation. It owns stock

Chemical, Sherwin-Williams, Caterpillar Tractor, Warner Lambert.

According to the ITT agreement with the Justice Department, it could go ahead and acquire Hartford provided it divest itself of Canteen Corp. (the fire protection division of Grinnell Corp.), Avis, Levitt and two small insurance companies it currently owns. ITT said it would retain the Hartford Company.

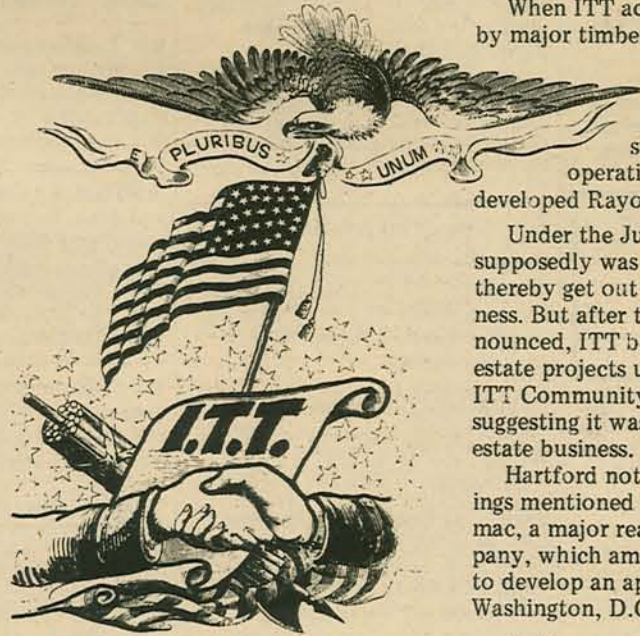
When ITT acquired Rayonier, it came by major timberlands in Florida. It also had acquired Levitt, the building company. ITT thereupon stitched together a realty operation whereby ITT Levitt developed Rayonier's timberlands.

Under the Justice agreement, ITT supposedly was to rid itself of Levitt and thereby get out of the building business. But after the agreement was announced, ITT began advertising for real estate projects under the new name of ITT Community Developers, thereby suggesting it was remaining in the real estate business.

Hartford not only has scattered holdings mentioned above, but it owns Fairmac, a major realty development company, which among other projects wants to develop an apartment city complex in Washington, D.C.

At the same time, the Hartford Insurance Companies are actively involved in insuring construction operations and, in recent months, Hartford has been undercutting competition in this insurance business. This may be a sign of healthy competition, or it may indicate an effort to capture the market.

At any rate, through Hartford, ITT is deeply involved in the real estate business and, in a variety of ways, now in a position to influence realty competitors.



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Hartford also has realty holdings, which could turn out to be complementary to ITT's own realty interests, and which, at any rate, look profitable. These include a major property on Wacker Drive in downtown Chicago, purchased by Hartford from the University of Chicago. Hartford has property in downtown San Francisco (Hartford Building and Sheraton Palace Hotel), and in Orlando Beach, the winter resort. Its listings show scattered holdings in Oregon and Minnesota.

By picking up Hartford, ITT also bought stocks in a variety of major industrial corporations, including Dow

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JEWELRY, wire sculpture & dolls by Moonstar Crafts. Everything handmade and designed by us. Custom orders possible. Call us at 626-4990 or look for us on Beach St. near Larkin.

PHOTOGRAPHS: Everyone has his own way of looking at things. Come look at mine. Union Sq. Sat-Sun. Jon Manhiem.

ANSEL Adams Yosemite portfolio. 16 original signed prints. Phone (415) 453-5670.

HOBBY House - hand-crafted macrame, jewelry, halter tops, crocheted vest, stained glass wind chimes. Organic cookies, a lot of trips. Call 567-8738.

TIE one on - far out handmade ties, beanbags, etc. Diane 755-7407.

RICHARD & Pamela Stearns, enamellists, miniatures, pendants. Union Sq. weekends. 2153 Lombard, SF 922-9745.

SENSUOUS rabbit purses. \$8-\$10, pouches \$5.00. Call 648-3689, evenings.

METAL windchime mobile, free form steel bar sculpture and paper weights, hand and foot made. See at Union Sq. on Sats. or call Melinda Montesclaros, 665-4644 btwn. 6 & 9 p.m.

UNUSUAL feather jewelry. Earrings, necklaces, using ivory, bone, amber, handcraft clay. African trade, old American Indian beads. Custom work, call Chuck or Sandi, 567-5531.

AUTOMOTIVE

I need a car, preferably a VW, MGB, or MG midget. It must come from a person who really loved their car & wants to pass it on to someone who will treat it with kindness. It must be clean & in fine running condition. I can't pay any more than \$500; prefer a little less.

I am a girl that knows nothing about cars, and I am afraid that car dealers or some shady character will pass his headache on to me, so what I need is an honest good deal. Call Cathy, after 5 on weekdays, 661-8359. Peace to you.

FOR Sale: 1948 black 4 door Cadillac. 58,000 original miles. Chauffeur driven for 20 yrs., exc. cond. Tearfully I will sell this priceless car for \$1500. Without tears for \$1650. Also my wife's wreck of a '64 Pontiac Grand Prix for \$500. We are moving to the East Coast. 665-1463.

PORSCHE '64, exc. cond. reblid. \$2800/offer. 334-1765.

CAMPER 1970 Volkswagen Adventurer—wonderful bus, excellent condition/full Adventurer package exquisite crafting and design/\$5200 new—AM-FM, Michellins, stove, refrigerator, dbl-bed, standing room. \$3500. Please, come. . .see. . .ride, 332-1680.

CORVAIR '65 2 dr. H.T., std. ctn. runs gd. \$495, 586-0264.

FOR sale: '63 Rambler Classic. Rebuilt engine (40,000 miles); re-lined brakes; new clutch and carburetor; new tires. In really fine shape. Call Sue: 864-0481, 764-5382.

1961 MERCURY Meteor A/T, R/H runs good. \$125/offer. 586-6046, evenings & weekends.

FOR sale - 1933 Rolls Royce 20/25 Barker Body. Completely restored to new. Offers—461-1851.

ASTON-MARTIN, '66 DB6, 1 owner, 5 speed stick, vantage engine, air. 621-2526 days/343-8732 eves.

AUSTIN-HEALY, orig. owner, '62 Beautiful \$1000. 861-7303.

VW '67 sqbk, very good condition 929-8692, eves.

\$100 REWARD if you help me find a Mercedes Benz 220S with leather and sunroof, good body, old style (pre '60) under 100,000 miles. Burl, 549-0950.

K-GHIA '64 good engine, trans., tires, funky body, conversation piece. \$450, 567-3546.

PORSCHE '59 coupe, exc., rebuilt engine \$1350 or offer. 334-1765.

BUSINESS PERSONALS

TYPING - any kind, spelling corrected, reasonable. 982-2714.

CASH for your books. Home libraries bought. Will remove promptly. 776-7994.

ADVERTISING Sales. The Bay Guardian is looking for a salesperson to handle its Berkeley accounts. You must enjoy selling both on the phone and in person and have at least 20 hrs. per week available. This is a challenging job and a lot of fun for the right person. Call Mrs. Jackson at UN 1-9600.

I'M Richard. I write books—publish myself—samplers \$1. Want one? Richard Liebow, Box 99444 San Francisco 94109.

WHO CAN tell us about the best bargains, sales and swaps in town? Contact Vicki Sufian with the Guardian Calendar, UN-1-9600.

WORK from 5 to 9 p.m. and earn solid commissions selling Guardian subscriptions by phone. Call Tom Lea, UN 1-9600.

TYPING, editing, manuscripts, tapes, paper. Call 861-9600.

PABO the clown will perform at children's parties. Magic & surprises. 734-3259.

COST of living got you down? Electric bills too high? Fight back! Support public power in San Francisco. Contributions and volunteers are needed. Write to: Citizens for Public Power, P.O. Box 6617, San Francisco, Ca. 94101.

EMPLOYMENT

I need a job I can stand and will put some money in my pocket so I can get off ATD. Many useful qualities. 587-9712, early a.m., late p.m.

HOUSE Repair, plumbing, remodeling cabinets, painting, gardening, hauling, stoves and water heaters installed. Peoples' prices or trade. Call 731-7135.

HAULING done cheap. We are cheap. Let us haul away your junk, clean out your basement, whatever. House cleaning & gardening too. Fast & dependable. 731-5865.

STUDENT needs work plumbing, electricity, carpentry, painting, sidewalk repairs. \$3/hour or by job. 552-2182 (SF).

ORGANIC painters will paint inside & outside of your environment. Free estimates. Roger, Walter, Mark 441-3951.

ECO-ORIENTED business needs people who are willing to work hard for low starting pay simply because they are concerned about ecology preservation. Call (415) 239-5320.

MARRIED man, 28, needs work. Particularly int. in perm. job with small business. HARD WORKER. Exc. local refs. Exp. - asst. mgr. hardware store/lumber yd., carpentry, maintenance, sales. College degree. 282-5456 or UN 1-9600.

R.N. seeks part-time. One or two days a week or on-call. Weekdays only. Peninsula. 369-0690.

TRAIN for worldwide jobs, bilingual-medical-legal. International Placement Service. Call 392-6841.

YOUNG journeyman wants job managing barber shop. 752-5785.

HOUSEWORK Wanted - light & heavy, part-time only. Strong student, exp. ref. 564-7073.

HOUSEWORK Wanted - part-time only. College student, ask for Pat. 584-7913.

BABYSITTER - Bernal Heights area. Eves. only. 824-9737.

HAULING & Tree surgery in East Bay. Reasonable Rates. Call George 655-0493.

SOLEDAD Survivor with family needs work. Experienced painter and handyman. Peoples' prices. 863-0336 after 6:30 p.m.

BASEMENTS CLEANED
+ + + + +
HAULING
REASONABLE
Raggedy Orange
664-9396.

WORK Wanted: Medical student seeks part-time work with M.D. Experienced as therapist & book-keeper. Call Arree at 863-4999 or 285-5679.

ARTAUD Building School is now soliciting work in all building trades. New construction, renovating, remodeling. Phone in S.F. 346-2990, 824-9317. Berkeley 548-1817. Marin 465-5367. Free est. given.

CHILDCARE - Europ. women, \$1/hr. your home - Noe. 626-1265.

WORK Wanted-Administrative Asst. Secy. BA English, creative. 668-9479.

CARPENTRY? Masonry? Painting? Yardwork? Odd jobs? Reliable, reasonable, creative, a job worth doing is a job done well, call mornings or evenings 776-6256, Dan.

RELIABLE painter needed? (interior), reasonable rates. Call 621-5898 for free estimate.

RESEARCH Realistically. Thorough, concise, typed notes from your sources. 928-7406.

NEEDED: Warm, reliable occasional or part-time sitter for 5 1/2-year-old girl. Imagination and sense of humor preferable. Noe Valley. 282-1587.

NO job too small, no job too big. Painting, maintenance work, demolishing & repairing, reasonable rates. Full or part-time. Call 332-0142 or 567-5756.

ARTISANS - Great 1890's International Bazaar - Seeks old Kinescopes, Player Pianos, crystal Ball, etc., Occultists, quality craftsmen, & skilled artisans, sellers of old books, makers of musical instruments, eccentric inventors, & capable individuals to operate games. For information, call 388-8558, or 634-1313.

COLLEGE student looking for summer employment in Marin, SF Journalism, Literary major. Will do any work. Reliable. Write: Curt Sawyer, 202-B Homan Hall, Fresno State College, Fresno, Ca. 93710.

BOOKKEEPER, experienced, to start immediately. Small payroll, accts. receivable, payable, settlement reports, etc. New left publisher. Larry Moore, Ramparts Press. 845-1173.

PUBLICATION needs experienced typist to assist with setting copy on IBM Selectric Composer. Must be fast & accurate. Part time, odd hours. Creative friendly place to work. Very modest wages. UN 1-9600.

GAY ORGANIZATIONS

GAY Counseling Service provides information and positive, supportive counseling for anyone about homosexuality and offers counseling or referral to sympathetic professionals for gay people. Call anytime, 626-3934.

SIR, Society for Individual Rights. For homosexual information and/or publications, contact SIR, 83-6th St. 781-1570.

GAY Activists Alliance, offers the homosexual the only alternative to "Gay Ghettoism." Attend the GAA Town Hall Forum, 7:30 p.m., every 1st and 3rd Monday, 5th floor, 26 Seventh Street (7th & Market). 239-9001, 864-8205.

HISTORICAL shards indicate San Francisco was populated mostly by homosexuals 1850-1860. Anyone who can help fill this lost page of history with substantiating evidence call Don Jackson 431-6641.

ALICE B. TOKLAS Memorial Democratic Club. City's all gay fastest growing club. For info. call Jim Foster. 626-4512.

INSTRUCTION

CLASSES in improvisation and mime directed by Cindy Kamler and Hal Taylor, Improvisation, Inc. 397-5534.

RIVENDELL Summer of '72 Varied activities, classes, excursions. . . children, adults. . . call 661-2046. . . Watch for brochure.

FRENCH Lessons, \$3 an hour, also tutoring by French girl. Experienced. Call 658-6224. City Limits of Berkeley and Oakland, one block off Telegraph.

ALPHA Brainwave Biofeedback training classes. \$20-\$35 for 10 hrs. Call Alpha House 661-9631.

"Alpha-Theta-Control!"
Learn to control your alpha theta brain waves for relaxation & peace of mind. Amazingly effective - new meditative technique! Used in over 400 colleges & universities. \$97.50 - \$225 for more info. write: Phenomenological Systems Inc., Dept. B, 72 Otis St., S.F., Ca. 94103.

TWO University of California Extension programs in San Francisco: Encounter Theater, April 8 & 9; 2001 and Beyond, with Arthur C. Clarke, April 16. For information, call 861-5452.

TUTORING, guidance for elementary grades. Exper. teacher. M.A. Stanford. S.F. 922-0876.

HAPPINESS. . . is owning a Stock that travels from 58 to 166 in 90 days. If one knows what to look for, such action can be spotted months in advance. Learn how and why at the North Peninsula School of Investing, 304 Alida Way, So. SF. 588-8119.

SAILING lessons & rides - water ski trips. We explore S.F. Bay for the day \$11. Many think the joy of sailing is a unique pleasure reserved for the rich. For info. call "Able" Ken Greer 586-5332. Boat rentals. Run year round.

ASTROLOGY seminars with Andrew Hacker. Weekly for beginning and advanced. 731-1452 or 922-5048, natal charts and consultation.

POTTERY Lessons - Learn to throw and glaze in four lessons. Only \$20. Bernal Heights, 826-4388.

MISCELLANEOUS FOR SALE

BARRELS - oak whiskey \$8.50 oak planters \$3.95. All types wooden kegs 861-1700.

16' DORY (boat similar to row-boat). Motor well could be put in. \$175.00 668-7208 Evenings.

FOR Sale-Potter's wheel \$75. 431-0287.

FOR sale - 3-month old queen-size waterbed. Includes stained frame, bag, liner and foam. Also a 1967 Zenith television, excellent condition. Must sell-leaving town. Call 731-2463 aft. 6 p.m.

CAMERAS: Two Nikkormat bodies, 1 black, four lenses (24, 55, 105 and 200 mm.), extras. Like new. 526-1658.

CARINITA Sail Boat, 20', good condition, sleeps four, all accessories plus 5 hp Sea Gull mtr.; excellent for family, \$2,000.00 or make offer. 826-3282.

GENUINE African leopard skins, cured, approx. 7x2 1/2 ft. head to tail Reasonable price, 221-8247.

HARDWOOD slabs-walnut, myrtle & maple for tables, butcher blocks, etc. 388-4481.

FURNITURE - living room, bedroom. 668-0858.

M.C. ESCHER "Fishes and Scales" \$1500 firm. 776-2808.

MS' Leather coat, (goatskin), size 12, brown, new. After wearing once, realized it was too big. Cost \$140. Sell \$75. 665-3020 or 421-3565 (workdays, ask for Marilyn.)

ANTIQUE Office Furniture. . . old desk, flattop, red mahogany nanelled \$125. . . flattop machine carved old desk with matching chair and small cabinet \$175. Will become even more valuable with time. Call, 826-2254.

1 YEAR old stove for sale. Orig. price \$285. Will sell for \$125. A-1 condition. Inquire-311 Texas Street, SF, anytime.

BABY carriers (front) for sale. Washable, reversible, personalized. Size up to 1 yr. \$5.00. Call San Francisco Mary - 863-1976 days.

STEREO, \$20. TV, \$10. AM-FM Console, \$10. Books, sleeping bags, fem. clothes size 9-11, like new, earrings and beads. Cheap. 221-7375 or 864-8205 x61.

ORIGINAL movie posters for sale. I have a lot of good movie posters that are not reprints. I also have a lot of backlight and other posters cheap. 587-4828.

FISH FREAKS. Find the freshest fish in Frisco: smoked salmon, sole, sablefish and frog, ocean fish, oysters, sanddabs and crabs. It's all in a fish feature in the Feb. 26, 1971, Bay Guardian. Back issues available. Send 50¢ to Bay Guardian, 1070 Bryant, 94103.

FOR Sale: 3 piece walnut bedroom set: dresser w/mirror, desk w/chair, double bed w/headboard. Excellent condition. \$140/Best offer. Also, Clairol Kindness 500 Hairsetter used twice, \$8.50. Call 525-0507.

DON'T BE caught short. Find out about 55 markets in San Francisco that short-weight pre-packaged meat. A Bay Guardian exclusive article lists the markets involved. In the March 28, 1972, issue. For back issues send 50¢ to Bay Guardian, 1070 Bryant, 94103.

TRADITIONAL Patchwork Quilts Quilts made to order. Call Diana, 655-5172, evenings. Splendid designs, prices and sizes.

DALI-Set of 5 SF scenes, original signed lithographs. 661-8755.

HEATHKIT HR-10 ham band shortwave receiver, excellent condition \$40 or offer. 563-3282 ask for Jeff.

MUSIC

JAZZ - Sun. 5 to 9, Poetry - Thurs. 4 to 8. Ribetad Vorden, Precita & Folsom, ph. 826-9818.

PIANO Partner-Ensemble playing-Duets, etc.-Pleasure and practice. Classical. Eves. JO 7-5919.

HAMMOND M-3. Good condition. \$400.00 285-4190 after 6 p.m.

HARPSICHORD-Single manual chamber instrument. Solid walnut. \$500. Call 845-3222 bet. 7 - 9 p.m.

FLUTE-King, 24 gold. Open holes and low "B" foot. Gerald, 626-9620.

FIDDLE to sell; Frits-Monig, \$36; Call Alston at VA 4-7909.

PERSONALS

CAN you Peabody? Young woman who saw this old dance done as a child wants to learn how to Peabody. Call 863-0336 after 6:30 p.m.

"ALLODIALISM" is Feudalism's contrary. It refers to the feudal lord's alod or estate. Answer to Communism? Thomas Mulsow, 684 Via Aires, San Lorenzo, Calif., 94580.

LOVE Commune in the Woods. Combination permanent Woodstock and Peoples Park. Have \$\$, need brains, bodies & hi energy to realize a better lifestyle. Organizing NOW for Oct. 1973 departure. 861-2264.

HELP us humanize our classroom floor! If you have any rugs you don't want and can spare for free, call Donna, 469-3214. We will pick up.

IF you've had some experience or contact with primal (Janov) therapy, I'd like to talk to you. For a book. Call Bil, 826-3219 after 6 on Sunday.

WOULD someone like to donate a 6x8 or 9x12 rug to the Guardian-Now. You would be so great. Call 861-8033 Eloise one or two or three or four!!

NEED a car, free or cheap to do our food shopping. Peoples' Restaurant needs the help. Call Fred or Bob 864-9377, 3 p.m. - mid.

AUDITIONING actors for a new kind of horror play. Also for an improvisation show. Afternoons at the Family Farmacy (2801 California) until we get enough people for the play. 567-5499.

YOUNG girl would like summer work on a farm or ranch. Is interested in animals and is well-acquainted with farm life. Also experienced English rider. 673-1517.

WANTED 2 week loan of domestic or white, longshuttle treadle sewing machine MANUALS. Winkie 536 44th Ave. SF 94121. Copy returned with first original of each.

WANTED - Neck strap case for old Argus C-3 camera. 826-2098.

WANTED - Does anyone have an old gorilla costume they could donate to stop highrises. Contact Joel Noel at S.F. Opposition, 664 Clay St., S.F. 94111, 986-8757.

"VACUUM cleaner needed." Something inexpensive. Call the Guardian-Eloise-861-8033.

DO you have a tortoise you would like to sell or give to a good home? If you do, call collect, 346-1865.

VOLUNTEERS needed: art teachers & helpers, theater people, musicians, coffee house people, kitchen people, office people, publicity people, all people. Learn a new trade. Stop in and see what's happening. 756 Union St., S.F.

POTRERO Hill mothers and others forming childcare co-op. New energy welcome. 863-1976 or 863-0336.

"RENT Dent Contest." 1st prize: 50% rent decrease, 100% vibe increase. Contestants must personify the 12 characteristics of the boy (girl?) scout code. (Less reverent). Telephone entries cheerfully accepted. Joe, 441-3951.

PERHAPS you, like myself are hard-working, serious artists who feel the need for a free exchange of ideas with other artists, who realize the benefits that can be derived from such a sharing of ideas, and who would like to get together occasionally to rap about the work you're involved in. Let's talk about the possibilities. Drop a line to me: Mike Hordiner, 600 Stanyan No. 3, SF 94117, or call weekends 387-7747.

PETS

DACHS - miniature AKC, 589-1188.

CANARIES - Rollers show stock, white & colors. 647-4659.

PET transportation to/from home/hospital. 24 hr. service. Animals fully insured. 824-2344.

VENDORS!

Make 20¢ profit per copy.

**VEND THE BAY GUARDIAN!
SELL 100 COPIES, MAKE TWENTY BUCKS!**

Sell the Bay Guardian & make 20¢ profit per copy. Vend 100 copies, make TWENTY bucks!

It's the highest commission in the Bay Area's glorious newspaper-hawking history: you buy the Bay Guardian for 5¢ and sell it for a quarter. That's a dollar clear for every five copies you sell. On a good day, with Horatio Alger zeal, you can make as much as \$50 or \$60.

The Bay Guardian publishes fortnightly. Papers may be picked up every other Thursday after 1 p.m. and all day Friday at 1070 Bryant St. (near Bryant & Ninth, two blocks from the Hall of Justice).

For more information call the circulation department, UN 1-9600.

VENDORS!

LOST—Cat. Adult male. Tiger stripe, black on gray & brown. Answers to "Billy Boy." Ashbury nr. Frederick. Reward. 661-5755.

POLITICAL

PEOPLE'S LOBBY, Proposition 9, 1640 Market, 864-0542, Mon.-Sat. 12:30 p.m. to 6:30 p.m.

STOP Highrises - S.F. Opposition 664 Clay St. 986-8757 open Mon thru Sat. 9 a.m. - 9 p.m.

McGOVERN for President, 1435 Market (between 10th & 11th) 864-7400 M-F 10 a.m. - 7:30 p.m.

SHIRLEY Chisholm for President Headquarters urgently needs volunteers and money. Drop by our office, 1709 Fillmore St., San Francisco. Or call 567-5873. Open Mon.-Fri., 12-8 p.m., Sat., 9-5.

McCARTHY for President, 664 Clay, 986-7100. 10 a.m. - 5 p.m. Mon. - Fri.

NEW headquarters for the Clean Environment Act have opened at 1640 Market St., S.F. (Prop. 9 on June ballot.) Volunteers and funds are urgently needed. For further information, call People's Lobby at 864-0542.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

PHOTOGRAPHY: portraits, weddings, anything in B & W. Reasonable, quality work. Call Michael 751-6089, mornings best by 9 a.m.

Caribbean cooking and catering available for parties or clubs

GLORIA TOOLSIE 848-3274

GHOST Writer: published author will edit, revise & type all kinds of literary works. Will also write speeches, ad copy and handle P.R. Call Doug 655-0493.

COUNSELOR: Marriage, Family, Divorce, Personal. California State Licensed. Call 826-3282.

GIFTED PSYCHIC READER
MRS. MAY
Card Reading
Horoscope Readings
2490 Geary St.
922-9975

CHILDCARE, ages 2 - 5, lic., plenty of affection, attention and fun for your child. Connecticut near 20th St. Call 282-1974.

RENAISSANCE ANTIQUE RESTORATION
Antiques restored & refinished, reproductions, gold leaf repair, carving, missing parts made to match, only quality work. Guaranteed 564-4464.

PHOTOGRAPHY—informal portraits or formal weddings. Beautiful color; rapid b/w service a specialty. All work on approval; low cost; small deposit. 563-3282, Jeff.

PHOTOGRAPHY - portraiture, fine art, commercial. Reasonable rates. William E. Reister. 751-7373

SHIRTS, shirts, shirts! I paint anything on a shirt. If I can draw it or write it I can paint it. Call between 3 and 4 p.m. Ask for Mike, 681-3536.

CHEAP Photography: informal portraits or formal weddings. Beautiful color; rapid b/w a professional specialty. All work on approval; small deposit. Jeff, 563-3282.

INTERESTED IN HAVING your drawings and/or political cartoons published? Send samples of your work to Bay Guardian Art Dept.

PUBLICATIONS

PAST issues of the S.F. Bay Guardian available - call circulation at UN 1-9600.

SEX and Broadcasting; how to start your own radio station by Lorenzo W. Milam of KTAO; send \$1 to 5 University Ave., Los Gatos 95030.

BIBLIOGRAPHIES available

Automobile (critical references) 2 pages - .20
Electric Auto - 4 pages - .10
Noise - 10 pages - .50
Total Energy (on site power generation) - 4 pages - .40
Public Power - 4 pages - .10
Raker Act - 3 pages - .30
Ombudsman - 10 pages - .15
Police Review Boards - 4 pages - .30
Halfway Houses - 8 pages - .15
160 Acre Water Law - 8 pages - .50
ADD 2 cents tax & mail requests to: Charles L. Smith, 61 San Mateo Rd., Berkeley, Ca. 94707.

WOMEN'S History Research Center, Inc. A research, lending, corresponding & selling library of women's literature; books, periodicals, pamphlets, bibliographies, articles, clippings, tapes & pictures. For more info. send stamped return envelope & 25¢ donation. Center struggling to distribute all on microfilm. (Tax deductible.) 2325 Oak, Berkeley, Ca. 94708, 524-7772

S.F.'s Movement Bookstore. Books on Women's Liberation, La Raza, Cuba, Black history, Malcolm X, Che, Marx, Lenin. PIONEER BOOKS, 2338 Market St., (nr. Castro) S.F. 94114, 626-9958.

A STUDY of History by Arnold J. Toynbee. Ten volume set. Oxford University Press. Fine reading. Best offer. Tom. 826-8173.

EDUCATION writer. We're looking for an experienced observer of SF school system to do investigative, interpretive, background pieces. Send resume and samples to City Editor, Bay Guardian, 1070 Bryant, SF 94103.

UNION Wage. . . dedicated to achieve equal rights, equal pay and equal opportunities for over thirty million women workers. For sample Newsletter write 2483 Hearst Ave., Berk., phone SF 661-5199.

HERMIT-Cartoonist K. Greene's new book "Fairly Tales" — signed, ltd. edition - 50¢ PPD. Or all four of my comix for two buck (reg. 2.60) 1166 Haight, SF 94117.

REAL ESTATE

ESCAPE to nature in Portola Valley. Join the deer and game on 2 3/4 acres of lushly wooded land with magnificent view—\$25,000. All utilities in, paved street. 556-6764, days, 592-0700 nights.

INCREDIBLY beautiful 40 acre parcels in Mendocino County by owner. Water, garden spots, part meadowland, part wooded, hilly to very gently rolling. \$350-\$550 acre, 20% down. Call 285-6996.

MODESTO, 5 acres agricultural near Highway 99. Priced to sell. David B. Devine, 260 Kearny St., SF, 986-5521.

18 UNIT Apt., Richmond district, \$225,000. David B. Devine, 260 Kearny St., SF, 986-5521.

BUSCHMAN REALTY

Home and Income Property
Interesting
San Francisco Locations
1018 Taravel 731-8431

CLASSICAL VICTORIAN, Ashbury Heights, 3 bdrms., 1 bath. 3 rm. legal apt., 2 garage, view. Needs T.L.C. \$33,500.

OFFENHAUSER & 23rd. VIEW 5 & 4 rm. flats, hardwood floors, tile bath, fireplaces, garage. \$4,100 down.

BUSCHMAN REALTY
731-8431.

RENTALS

I WILL need a room for myself and small friendly cat. Can pay \$50 and utilities per month starting May 1, 1972. Please call Roland 861-9600

MELLOW 30 yr. old male will share quiet 2 bedroom Westlake home w/responsible person. \$100.00 & 1/2 utilities, ph. 755-2451.

SF-BERKELEY Summer Apt. Switch? Have good 4-room Russian Hill apt. with great view. Would like to live in non-plastic Berkeley apt./house for July & August (or part thereof). 474-2963.

EMP. man, quiet, sober but liberal wants apt. w/pvt. ent. nr. gd. trans. Upper Mkt., Marina, Rich., or ? Reasonable, please Move about 5/1. 864-8849 pms.

SHARE large sunny Noe flat with female painter. View, fireplace, hardwood floors, work space, own bedroom, near transportation. \$105/mo. Prefer woman, 20's who is also in the arts. 285-1462.

WORKING Woman (21) needs apt. to share or room in home to rent. Please call Joy at 824-8941.

SHOPS

AGAPE NATURAL FOODS, 599 Castro, S.F. 10 a.m. - 8 p.m. Daily, 626-3788.

AQUARIUS RECORDS, Buy, sell, trade L.P.'s 19th & Castro, S.F., 863-6467.

THE BOOKMARK, 5270 Diamond Heights Shopping Center, S.F.

DANDELION, 3381 Sacramento St., S.F. 563-8747.

GOLDEN ROAD NATURAL FOODS, 1310 9th Ave., S.F. 664-3866.

NATURALLY HIGH FOODS 1058 Hyde St., S.F. 441-3250.

NEW PHOENIX, 566 Castro St., S.F. A Head Shop.

PACIFIC HEIGHTS BOOK STORE, 2290 Fillmore at Clay. 11-8 Mon. - Sat.

PHOENIX, 1377 Haight St., S.F. World's Oldest Head Shop, 621-9202.

TOBAC SHOP, 1399 Haight St., S.F., 7-10, 7 days 863-5145.

NORTHSIDE BOOKS, paperback books, newspaper, tobacco. 1862 Euclid, Berk.

ROGER COGGBURN WINE COMPANY 1569 Solano Avenue at Peralta, Berkeley, California 94707 (415) 527-2600.

TOBACCO ROAD 2521 B Durant Ave., Berkeley 548-5830.

THE LIVING ROOM, modern European furniture. The furniture solution for people with more taste than money. 2543 Clement (at 27th Ave.) San Francisco phone 387-1977. Open: Tues.-Thurs. 1-6, Fri. 1-9, Sat. 11-6.

SATIN MOON FABRICS, 14 Clement St., 668-1623. Open daily. Beautiful and unusual fabrics, notions, and clothing. Consignments taken.

WHOLLY FOODS, complete natural foods. Shattuck & Ashby, Berk., 841-3393.

BERKELEY ECOLOGY CENTER, 2179 Allston Way, Berkeley. Join, Join, Buy Books.

MODERN TIMES BOOKSTORE, 3800 17th St., Corner of Church.

CLEMENT BOOKSTORE, 721 Lincoln, 731-2290 Hrs. 1 - 6 Closed Wed.

NEW AGE NATURAL FOODS, 1326 9th Ave., 564-2144.

DISCOVERY BOOKSTORE, 245 Columbus Ave., 986-3872.

THE SMITHY HANDCRAFTS, 2011 Fillmore S.F. 563-4188; 11 - 6, Wanted consignment.

Hyde-away Barber Shop

Hair Cuts \$2.50
Senior Citizens \$2.00
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ON GUARD

Guarding the environment?

Whose side is the Sierra Club leadership on these days?

The Sierra Club is the most prestigious conservation organization in the country, and it fights lots of good fights, but the antics of several top leaders are putting the club into bed with lots of strange fellows.

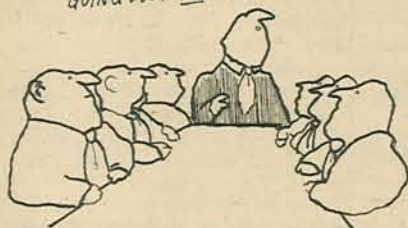
Case 1: Back in 1966, PG&E slipped a nuclear power plant into unspoiled Diablo Canyon with the blessing of a 9-1 vote of the Sierra Club directors (the sole dissenter was the only director who had actually visited Diablo Canyon). When the membership discovered what had happened and screamed in protest, the board, rather than lose face, refused to reverse its publicly discredited stand.

The Nader's Raiders study on "Power and Land in California," financed in part by a Sierra Club foundation grant, reported: "PG&E was able to persuade the most powerful conservation group in California to support construction of a power complex in a beautiful natural area...PG&E (arranged) to fly some key Sierra Club board members to Diablo for an 'inspection' of the site...they travelled in Frank Sinatra's private jet, piloted by Danny Kaye...."

Case 2: Frederick Fisher, co-chairman of the Sierra Club Legal Committee, wrote an influential legal opinion for the club against Proposition 9, an opinion which promptly popped up on the letterhead of Californians Against the Pollution Initiative, Whitaker and Baxter's front group operating out of its Market St. headquarters. CAPI distributed the Fisher/Sierra Club letter as a flier, as part of its statewide propaganda barrage.

Fisher is part of the Sierra Club's law firm, Lillick, McHose, Wheat, Adams and Charles, a big corporate firm specializing in maritime law. Lillick's clients, as listed in the Martindale-Hubbell legal directory, include big guns like ABC (developer of Marine World), Texaco, Lockheed, Weyerhaeuser and major shipping groups (Holland-America Lines, Pacific Maritime Association). Lillick fails to list its conservation client, the Sierra Club, in the directory.

I THINK WE CAN SAFELY GO ON RECORD AS BEING INTERESTED IN CONSERVATION— BUT A LAW CONTROLLING POLLUTION IS GOING JUST TOO FAR!



In legal proceedings a year ago against Leslie Salt and other corporate Bay fillers, James Funsten, one of the lawyers making the case against Leslie, strongly opposed a move by Sierra Club attorneys to take over sole direction of the suit. His reason to the court: such a move would "inevitably lead to conflict of interest problems as the principal activity of (Lillick) is representation of clients... (whose interests) may be frequently opposed to those of conservationists...."

Was there a conflict here for Fisher when he wrote his negative opinion of the initiative, whose provisions could damage Lillick's other, more important clients? "There's probably no overt pressure within the firm," Funsten told the Guardian. "But Fisher just has to know the other guys are there, under the same roof."

Case 3: Early this year, 10 or so Sierra Club big guns—among them Solano Judge (and Club president) Ray Sherwin, several members of the board of directors and Dwight Steele of the California Legislation Committee—took a special guest out to lunch down on the Berkeley waterfront: Clem Whitaker, the chief of Whitaker and Baxter.

"It was an off-the-record meeting for the purpose of getting some information to the Sierra Club from Whitaker and



The old coalition

The battle against the Clean Environment initiative (Proposition 9) is shaping up just like the mud-slingers waged against Proposition T (anti-highrise) and Proposition 18 (gas tax for rapid transit). The history:

—April, 1971: Whitaker and Baxter, San Francisco PR firm, began to advise Standard Oil on how to defeat the proposition 14 months before the election.

—June 4, 1971: A secret, internal Standard Oil memo, requested by president Otto N. Miller, outlined strategy to fight the initiative: use of "skillful campaign managers" to organize "a citizens' committee with a very broad base, including well known conservationists, Democrats, labor leaders and minority group leaders." (Miller has confirmed the accuracy of this memo under court-directed sworn testimony on April 10.)

Whitaker and Baxter established the "front group" called for in the Standard Oil memo, naming it "Californians Against the Pollution Initiative" (CAPI) and setting it up in a W & B office. CAPI produced a blaring yellow-and-black scare pamphlet. Sample bulletins: "You may have to go back to the scrub board and laundry tub for washing clothes... Your very life will be endangered."

—Early 1972: Working to split the conservationists, Clem Whitaker met in a secret lunch with Sierra Club leaders, including President Ray Sherwin, a Solano judge.

—A private letter from a Sierra Club legal advisor to Mrs. Claire Dedrick,

Baxter's experts," says Steele, whose law office happens to be room 847 in the Flood building—just down the hall from room 828, Whitaker and Baxter. "It was off-the-record because we felt the fact of holding a meeting might be misinterpreted."

Steele is right. Sierra Club members, who unknowingly picked up the tab for this secret lunch, and conservationists in general might have a lot of questions about the purpose and content of this meeting. Why, for example, didn't Steele arrange a similar get-together with Ed Koupal, proponent of the initiative, and his experts—especially since Koupal formally requested such a meeting?

Judge Sherwin replied to our questions with a brusque "no comment," but the Guardian did learn more about what went on in that "off-the-record" meeting from others who were there.

"There was a suggestion, a vague suggestion, that perhaps their (Whitaker and Baxter's) clientele might be interested in helping with the environmental legislation of the Sierra Club" if the Club would hold off its potent national endorsement of the initiative, one source reported.

The question: Should we believe, and should Sierra Club members believe, that the Clem Whitaker meeting will be of little importance when the board sits down to consider the Club's endorse-

ment? Or will this be more Diablo Canyon selling-out? Either way, this kind of palsy-walsy with Whitaker and Baxter doesn't do the Club any good.

Deciding a stand on the Clean Environment initiative is by no means simple. Many arguments against it come from people with strong environmental credentials and convictions who see it as a seriously flawed piece of legislation. (We don't and we'll tell you why in the next Guardian.)

No matter what the Club does, there's no doubt its leadership and its more vocal membership are in conflict over the initiative approach to conservation and the barroom brawling tactics of Ed Koupal of the People's Lobby. But this go slow, slow, slow approach to a strong conservation initiative, nowadays the best weapon in the conservation arsenal, flies in the face of all evidence of California's rapidly deteriorating environment.

Also against the initiative: the Bay Area Council, the old highrise gang, headed up by the chiefs of the big banks, PG&E, PT&T, Standard Oil, etc.

The Whitaker and Baxter strategy is clear-cut: hit hard with scare tactics, then try to anesthetize and divide the conservationist vote by finding fine-sounding groups to oppose the measure.

We'll be keeping a close watch on the politics of the campaign in upcoming issues, particularly the political/economic tie-ins when Whitaker and Baxter reveals (on April 24) the 200 clients who have contributed \$600,000 to date.

Next: the case for the initiative.

Side-stepping polluters

Where is the solid evidence behind the Whitaker and Baxter/California Chamber/polluting lobby charges that the Clean Environment Act will take the women back to the scrub boards and all the rest of us to the poorhouse? Where?

We've asked again and again for Whitaker and Baxter to produce the evidence behind such claims as "you will not be able to provide yourself and your family with the necessities of life" and "you may have to go back to the scrub board and laundry tub for washing clothes."

(They won't produce it, but we'll keep at it and let you know in subsequent Guardians when we analyze fully the Clean Environment/Whitaker and Baxter claims.)

Meanwhile, the evidence is everywhere, all the time, that the State of California is going to hell in a handbasket—and that our elected representatives and our regulatory agencies aren't doing much about it. Take but one example, our smog control district that hasn't got the guts to fight smog.

Latest developments on this continuing Guardian story:

Point: Directors continue to duck the 72-page indictment, detailed, documented and damning, of Chief Administrative Officer Jud Callaghan, who runs the district as if he's still on the PG&E payroll. Director William Jelavich, who presented the report, noted that Callaghan has called the report "vicious slanderous nonsense" and said he would produce a detailed response.

Says Jelavich, "It's been five weeks now, when can we expect the response?" Other directors say that Callaghan doesn't have to produce a response because of Director Diane Feinstein's resolution, which they passed last month, to delay all personnel matters until after an outside consulting firm has completed a management study in July.

Point 2: The district now has no regulations on nitrogen oxides (which form a yellow brown haze and combine with reactive organics to produce smog), even though emissions exceed state standards seven to ten times a year. The district staff has proposed a strong regulation to the district advisory council, but it capitulated to protests from PG&E and delayed action on the major provisions. PG&E is the biggest Bay Area emitter of nitrogen oxides (daily average: 56.6 tons.)

Point 3: Pollution from equipment breakdowns should be prosecuted as a violation of pollution regulations, but it's perfectly legal. Citizens' groups, brandishing aerial photographs of massive smoke plumes from oil refineries operating under breakdowns, have protested this policy in vain for months.

Joseph Coons, reporting to the directors for the advisory council, said "there should be some kind of exception" for industrial breakdowns. Coons still talks like the industrial consultant he once was—for BALIA, industry's potent lobby.

Point 4: Dr. David Mage of the School of Engineering at San Jose State College told the Board that the district's method of measuring air pollution may seriously underestimate the amount of air pollution. For example, a 1970 Stanford-NASA study shows that monitors on the seventh floor of the district's building in San Francisco registered only 2-4 parts per million of carbon monoxide on the same days that mobile vans registered as high as 50 or 60 ppm.

Another example: The district's method of analyzing nitrogen oxide sometimes produces a number lower than zero for the amount of nitrogen oxide in the air, which is impossible.

The point: we all see and smell more smog than does the smog control district.

To repeat: There's plenty of proof about the increase of smog and pollution in California. Where's the proof the Clean Environment Act will put us back to the scrub board, the laundry tub and the poor house?

—William Ristow

—Julia Cheever